

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,087

SEPTEMBER 27, 1890

THE GRAPHIC.

AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



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No. 1,087.—Vol. XLII.
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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1890

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT [PRICE NINEPENCE
By Post 9½d.]

RAVENSWOOD
Mr. Henry Irving

LUCY ASHTON
Miss Ellen Terry



Edgar.—And whatsoever hap between us two,
Plight me your faith as I will pledge you mine,
In good old Scottish manner. See this ring?

It was my mother's, love! Wear you this half
As I will wear the other.
Lucy— At my heart

THE BETROTHAL SCENE IN "RAVENSWOOD," THE NEW PLAY AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE

THE GRAPHIC



ILL-CONSIDERED COERCION.—Mr. Balfour cannot be congratulated on the latest development of his Irish policy. Whether in a moral sense Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien deserved to be arrested is a question on which it is unnecessary to enter. The matter is, to a great extent, one of political expediency; and, judged from this point of view, the wisdom of the arrest is at least questionable. In the first place it will have some extremely unpleasant effects in Parliament. The Government are anxious to make up during the coming Session for the time lost during the last Session; but how can they hope to find opportunities for the passing of useful measures if they themselves provide their opponents with pretexts for Obstruction? The Irish Nationalists will certainly not fail to make the most of what will be described as the persecution of their leaders, and they will have the steady support of all sections of Mr. Gladstone's followers. In Ireland itself the step which has been taken may possibly have disastrous results. There were many signs that the Irish people had become tired of the Plan of Campaign. Rents were being more generally and more regularly paid, and dislike of intimidation was being somewhat more freely expressed. Now all the old evil passions have again been aroused. The peasantry are called upon to stand by the men who are brave enough and generous enough to suffer for them; and many are persuaded that they are bound in honour to respond to the appeal. If Mr. Balfour, by a bold stroke, could really quell resistance to the law, something might be said for the adoption of vigorous measures; but the kind of coercion he is now putting in force frightens no one, and tends merely to foster popular discontent.

THE RECENT CAVALRY MANŒUVRES.—The unfavourable criticism of the military correspondent of the *Times* on these operations has attracted considerable attention in professional circles. Let us hope that the public also, on whose opinion the efficiency of this branch of the service ultimately depends, will also take an intelligent interest in the matter. It is admitted on all hands that in any future war between disciplined armies cavalry will play a very important part. It is they who will bring the opposing forces into practicable contact, and, so to speak, precipitate the clash of battle. To borrow the words of the *Times* critic, the hostile horsemen will first feel for each other by scouting, will then ascertain each other's strength and position by reconnoitring, and will then, collected in masses, be led to the decisive shock. It is evident, therefore, that the army whose cavalry has best performed these scouting and reconnoitring operations will, all other things being equal, have the best chance of success in the subsequent conflict. What, then, is the opinion of our military critic on these important points? He admits that our horse-soldiers are excellent riders, but he maintains that in scouting, in reconnoitring, and in massing for the final shock, they fall much below the standard of efficiency. This decision, no doubt, will be warmly impugned, yet it is probably true in the main, simply because our cavalry soldiers have had so little opportunity of practice. This is, we believe, the first occasion on which the cavalry have been exercised in the open field apart from the other branches of the service; and yet, since horse and man, in the case of mounted troops, ought to form an indivisible and centaur-like unit, cavalry stand more pressingly than infantry in need of such practice. What, therefore, we desire to impress on our brother taxpayers is that they should cease to be satisfied with regarding our cavalry regiments as a pretty spectacle on parade, but should insist on their being made efficient for actual war, and therefore should cheerfully meet the extra expense involved in such instruction.

GLOVE-FIGHTS.—Mr. Partridge may have well failed to differentiate between a prize-fight and a glove-fight. As all men know, the former involves a technical breach of the peace, and is therefore illegal. But up to the present time the discriminating intelligence of the police has noted some characteristic in a glove-fight which takes it out of the forbidden list. Here lies the puzzle; neither the police nor any one else appears able to point out the exact nature of this vital difference. Two men decide to bang and bruise one another for so much money (aside, until one of them either cries "Hold, enough!" or is rendered incapable of standing on his legs. So far, the two pastimes run on all-fours. Of what earthly consequence is it, then, whether the combatants employ only their naked fists on one another, or wear leather coverings on their hands? The police inspector who gave evidence at the hearing of the Slavin-M'Auliffe case seemed to consider that the capacity to inflict injury is the test of legality in these encounters. But how much injury? It is common enough at friendly bouts with the gloves for black eyes to be given, and for the human nose to become a general dyer. Again, he appeared to be under the impression that it is the weight of the gloves which makes all the difference between legality and illegality. But it is self-evident that an exceptionally heavy glove would inflict a nastier blow if stuffed with, let us say, leather parings and steel filings, than one half its weight which was

stuffed with cotton wool. We do not blame Inspector Chisholm for failing to draw the line in a more intelligible manner; the fault does not lie with him, but with the law for persisting in regarding two forms of brutality which are practically the same as entirely different. Boxing itself is an excellent pastime—invigorating, instructive, most manly, and often useful in later years. But prize-fighting and glove-fighting are equally objectionable, and the world would be none the worse if both were rigorously suppressed.

THE POTATO FAMINE.—In his vehement speech at Swinford the other day, Mr. Dillon, referring to the distress which must arise from the partial failure of the potato-crop in the West of Ireland, said the Government "had done nothing, and had shown no signs of doing anything." If this were accurate, it would be a most serious charge; but it is very far from being true, and Mr. Dillon himself can hardly have been of opinion that his statement was strictly in accordance with fact. Mr. Jackson, representing the Government, has made searching inquiries on the spot as to the extent of the misfortune which has overtaken a portion of the Irish peasantry; and now Mr. Ritchie, than whom no one is better fitted for the task he has undertaken, has gone to Ireland for the express purpose of studying the most effectual methods in which relief can be provided for the distressed population. There can be no doubt that, when Parliament meets, it will be found that the Government have investigated the problem thoroughly, and that they have devised adequate means for its solution. It may be hoped that in this instance there will be as little as possible of mere party strife. The difficulty to be dealt with is one that appeals to the general sympathies of humanity; and the country will not readily forgive anyone who, for the sake of some supposed political advantage, may try to throw obstacles in the way of a satisfactory settlement. At the same time, it is necessary to recognise that something more is needed than a measure, or measures, for the satisfaction of the immediate wants of the poor people who are threatened with a potato-famine. In the barren districts of Western Ireland there is a much larger population than the soil can properly maintain even in favourable seasons. Until this evil is grappled with, there must always be bitter discontent in these regions, whether the potato-harvest fails or not.

WORKMEN'S TRAINS.—This is the time of year when, newspaper columns being more available to correspondents than in the busy season, all sorts of demands are made upon the railway companies, many of them being of an impracticable or unreasonable character. People seem to forget that railways are not charitable agencies, but commercial enterprises; that their object is to earn dividends for their shareholders, multitudes of whom are poor struggling people; and that, if these several demands were yielded *en bloc*, the lines would yield so little profit that a purchase by the State would be the logical result. After a brief experience of Government management the growlers would speedily sigh for the resuscitation of the old companies, with their watchfulness (begotten, of course, of a desire for increased dividends) over the public interest. But we should be sorry to place Mr. Blundell Maple's demand for more workmen's trains in the category of unreasonable requests. According to old-fashioned ideas, a workman was a man who began his labours at 6 A.M.; but it appears that there are numbers of persons, equally deserving the title of workmen, whose duties do not begin till 8.0 or 8.30. The railway companies provide adequately, says Mr. Maple, for the former class; but only on one or two lines for the latter. We repeat that the request is not absolutely unreasonable. Still, some valid objections to it may be made. How, for example, are we to define a "workman"? If the workers who want to reach town between 6 A.M. and 8 A.M. are to have the privilege of tickets at reduced fares, why not the workers who arrive between 8 A.M. and 10 A.M.? It is during these two hours that the third-class carriages are most crowded, and, if poverty be a claim, many of these passengers are far poorer than the skilled artisans who travel in the early workmen's trains. Then an extension of the time for workmen's trains will crowd still more the already overcrowded carriages. The problem is by no means easy to solve. The heroic remedy would be to double the width of all the metropolitan lines; but the companies can scarcely be expected to do this for the sake of a traffic which only lasts for a few hours morning and evening. All the rest of the day the coaches are comparatively empty.

GOA.—It is curious how, all of a sudden, Portugal seems determined to catch the attention of the world. While still wrangling with England about her share in the partition of Southern Africa, she has just achieved that very arduous feat, the getting up of a genuine political demonstration in the East. Those who know Goa and the Goanese must have been incredulous when the telegraph brought the news that really serious fighting, resulting in many deaths, had taken place over some municipal elections. In British India only the select few even know when such elections occur; even in England, the public interest is not wont to be vivid. Yet, if we may believe the official account of this Goanese conflict, passions raged so furiously that dynamite bombs flew about on quite a liberal scale, while the troops, at whom they were directed, poured a regular *feu d'enfer* on the

"popular party." Now, in ordinary times, Goa is a Sleepy-Hollow sort of a place, whose inhabitants are supposed to have no higher ambition than to find employment on British territory. Just the sort of people, in fact, to take municipal elections quietly, as necessary evils. But in addition to the natives, Goa has a considerable population of half-castes who, although almost as black as Africans, pride themselves on having Portuguese blood in their veins. They are a pugnacious and a most litigious lot, and idle withal, not to mention a little weakness for alcohol. It may be conjectured, therefore, that it was this element which took the field with Senhor Loyola as "the popular party," while the troops represented, of course, the aristocracy. And as at Lisbon, so at Goa, the Portuguese soldier is rather too quick at beginning shooting. Hence about a dozen Goanese citizens killed, and some scores wounded, in a trumpery street disturbance, which half-a-dozen London policemen would have quelled by merely flourishing their batons.

ITALIAN UNITY.—The other evening the Italians in London celebrated the twentieth anniversary of the completion of Italian Unity by the annexation of Rome. Much enthusiasm was expressed on the occasion, and there are few Englishmen who do not feel that the event was worthy of the rejoicings with which it was recalled. It is true the Unity of Italy, like most other good things, has been attended by some disadvantages. The Papacy is as hostile to it as ever, and that means that for some time longer there must be a bitter conflict between Church and State in the young kingdom. Besides, the Italians have found that it is necessary to pay dearly for the luxury of playing an important part in Europe. Italy has to maintain a powerful army and navy, and thus she has been compelled to impose upon herself a far heavier burden of taxation than she had to bear in the old days of foreign domination. On the other hand, the Italians have now the satisfaction of belonging to a country in whose greatness they can take pride; and they have the inspiring feeling that it depends on their own efforts whether they shall or shall not maintain the place that properly belongs to them in the world's history. These are ends which justify the sacrifices made to secure them, and for the sake of which it is well worth while to endure some inconveniences. After all, Italy has no difficulties which she may not hope, by patience and courage, to overcome. The practical acceptance of Italian Unity by the Roman Church is only a question of time; and if a policy of rigid economy were pursued, the country would soon be able to pay its way without diminution of its naval and military forces. Behind these difficulties there is the more perplexing problem of the relations of Capital and Labour; but this is a problem which is no harder in Italy than in any other State either of the Old or of the New World.

MOROCCO.—There was a time, some centuries ago, when the whole northern coast of Africa was in European occupation. Then, with the break-up of the Roman Empire, and the international quarrels which arose among the various principalities of Europe, it fell under Moslem domination. Gradually a reversion towards the ancient state of affairs has taken place. France is mistress of Algeria and Tunis, while England has what may be termed a copyhold occupation of Egypt. Of Tripoli, coveted by the Italians, we hear little, and therefore we presume that it is fairly governed by the Porte. Concerning Morocco, still more strongly coveted by the Spaniards, it is impossible to speak so favourably. Genuine unadulterated barbarism, of the good old type, is there in the ascendant. For example, we learn that it is the custom of the Sultan sometimes to reside in Fez, and sometimes in Morocco, his respective capitals. But in making these peregrinations, he is not actuated by such peaceable motives as those which induced George III. to oscillate between Windsor and Weymouth. There are a number of semi-independent tribes in Morocco who decline to acknowledge the Sultan's authority, until they are compelled to do so; and when His Majesty goes on these excursions from city to city, he demands from them large sums of money, and, if they refuse to pay up, levies ruthless war against them. Then, as soon as the Sultan has departed, these wild mountaineers indemnify themselves by making raids on the comparatively peaceful and unwarlike inhabitants of the plains. Truly, Morocco cannot be styled "Merry Morocco," yet Orientals (for Orientals they are, although the city of Morocco is in the same longitude as Limerick) are such curiously-constructed creatures, that possibly they prefer these irregular and uncertain exactions with all the accompaniments of bloodshed and violence, to the steady inexorable screw of an Income-Tax Commissioner or Inland Revenue Officer. Spain does not govern herself too well, and it is doubtful whether France would suffer her to occupy Morocco; but it should not be impossible for the European Powers to impress upon the Sultan the advisability of conducting his government on more civilised principles than those which he follows at present.

PROFIT SHARING.—The employees of the South Metropolitan Gas Company do not appear to find Mr. Livesey's system of profit-sharing such a hateful innovation as certain Trade Union leaders would like them to consider it. At the late demonstration of these men the universal feeling seemed



"ISABELLA"

FROM THE PICTURE BY F. W. TOPHAM, R.I., EXHIBITED IN "THE GRAPHIC" GALLERY OF SHAKESPEARE'S HEROINES
"I am a woful widow to your honour, please but your honour hear me."—MEASURE FOR MEASURE, Act II, Scene 2

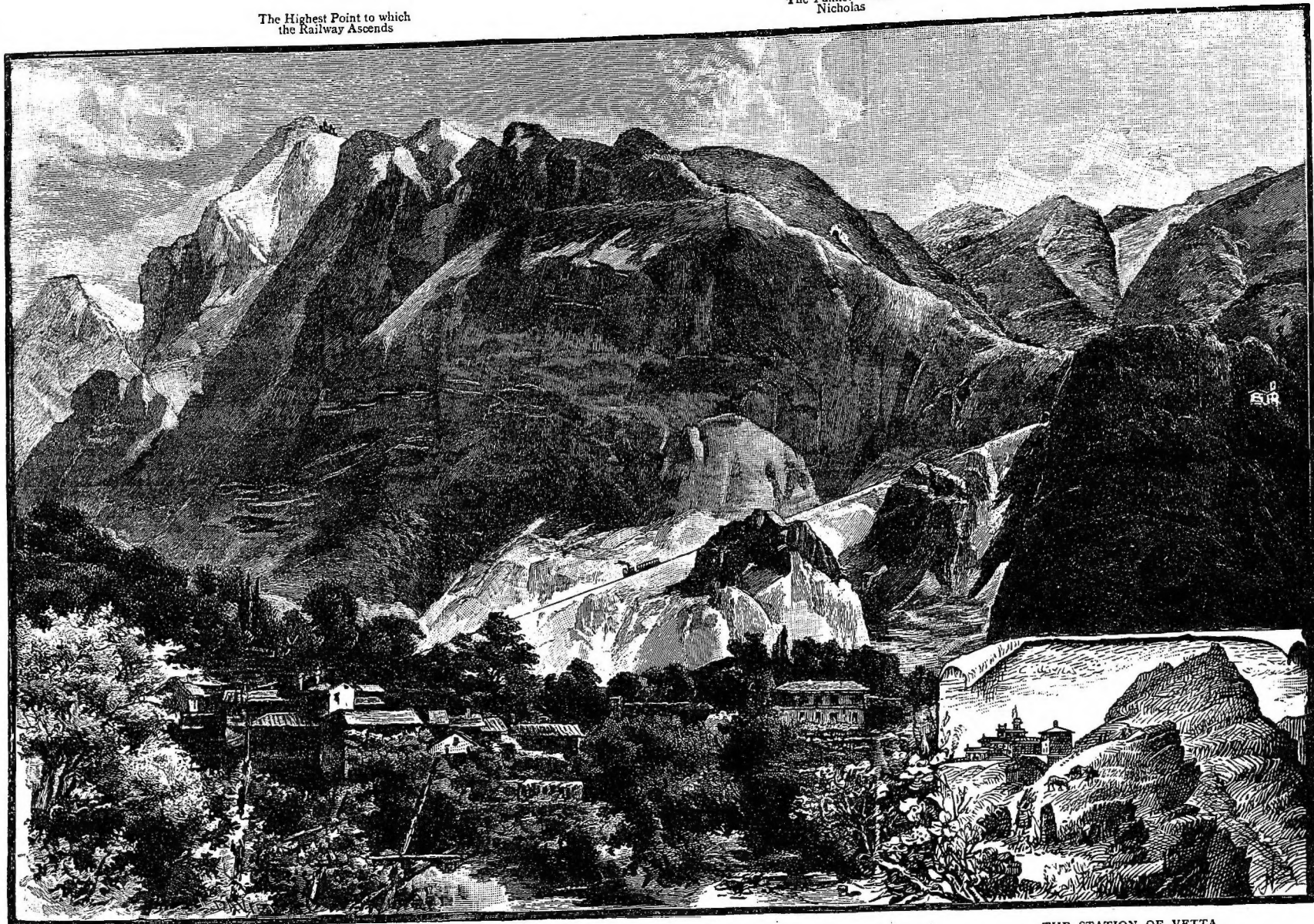
FOOTBALL ACCIDENTS.—Every year football excites wider interest, and becomes more popular among the masses. Unhappily, it cannot claim that it also becomes more civilised. As played in the Midlands and the North, the game is steadily degenerating into free fighting, and one might almost predict that before many years the crack players will carry revolvers and bowie knives as an essential part of their costume. But the fighting at the end of a match is not nearly so harmful as the rough play during its continuance. We might even call it unfair play, as it unquestionably is when systematic efforts are made to place some prominent

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT,
ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place, will RE-OPEN for the AUTUMN
 SEASON on MONDAY EVENING, September 29, at eight o'clock, with CAR-
 NIVAL TIME, by the Melcolm Watson, music by Corney Grain. Concluding with (for
 the first time) an entirely new musical sketch, by Mr. Corney Grain, entitled
 "SIDE MANIA."—Booking office now open from 10 to 6. Stalls, ss. and gs.
 Admission, ss. and 1s.

Just as the *Nelson* neared the land on a Sunday morning the French man-of-war *Decrès* (which had arrived at Thursday Island just as the *Nelson* left) was sighted astern. To the south of the main island was a smaller one, round which it was deemed advisable to steam instead of through the narrow strait separating them, but as it was thought that probably the *Decrès* was on the same errand, and being much smaller would probably run through the strait, and get to Koepang first, and buy up any possible small store, a steam boat was lowered, and sent through to be first in the market. However, there was found to be plenty and to spare for both, and moreover it was Welsh coal. It was stored in two large sheds on the sea beach, some four or five miles from Koepang, and as there were no steamers or hulks procurable, and not even a pier to load from, it was necessary to coal the ship in her own boats, and a few hired from the natives. Malay coolies were engaged, and the English and French warships anchoring off the coal sheds, the boats were sent away, and with the Blue-jackets and Marines in their oldest and dirtiest white clothing (as it was blazing hot) and the French sailors and the Malays, the usually deserted beach soon presented a most

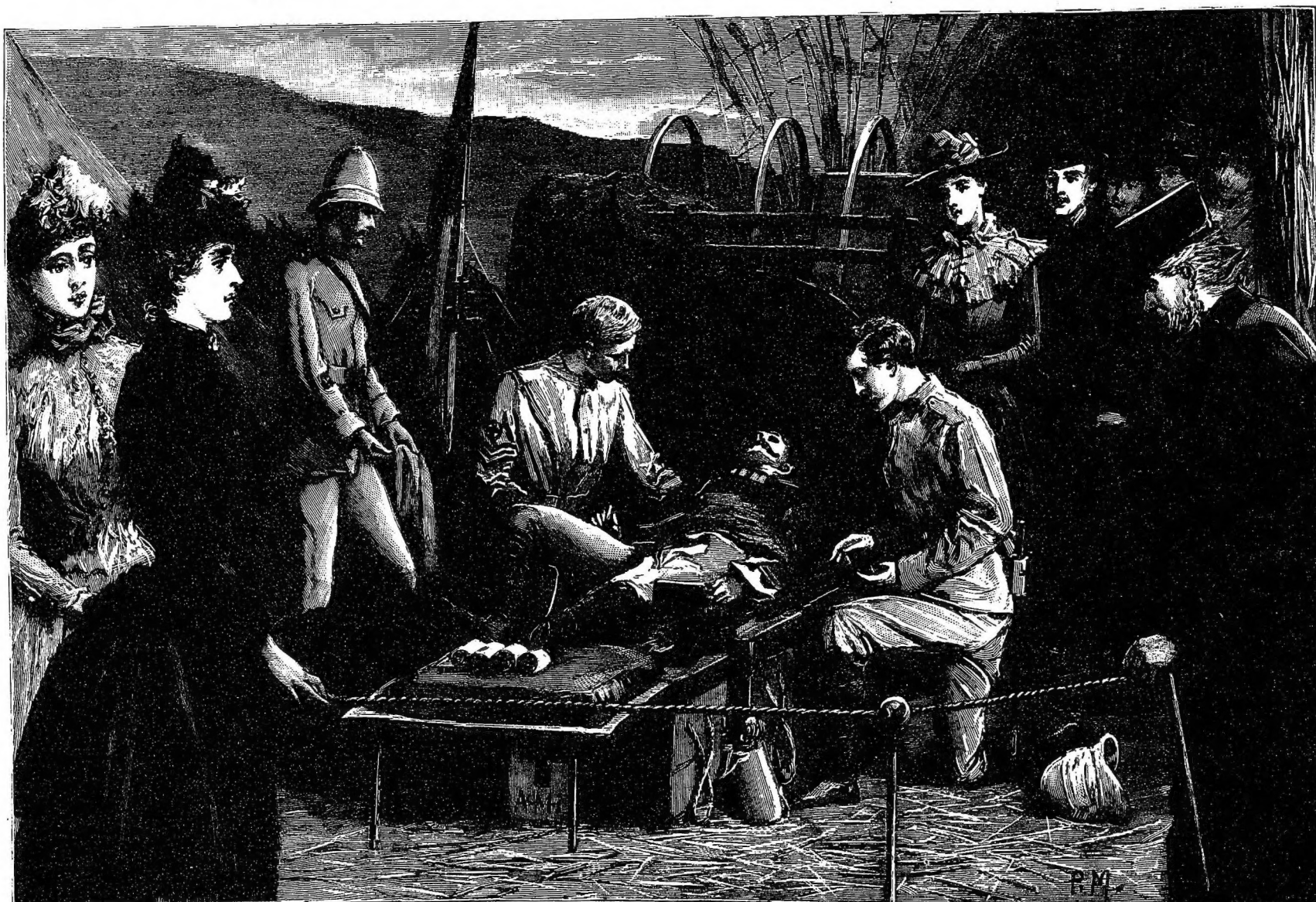
The Highest Point to which
the Railway Ascends

The Tunnel of San
Nicholas



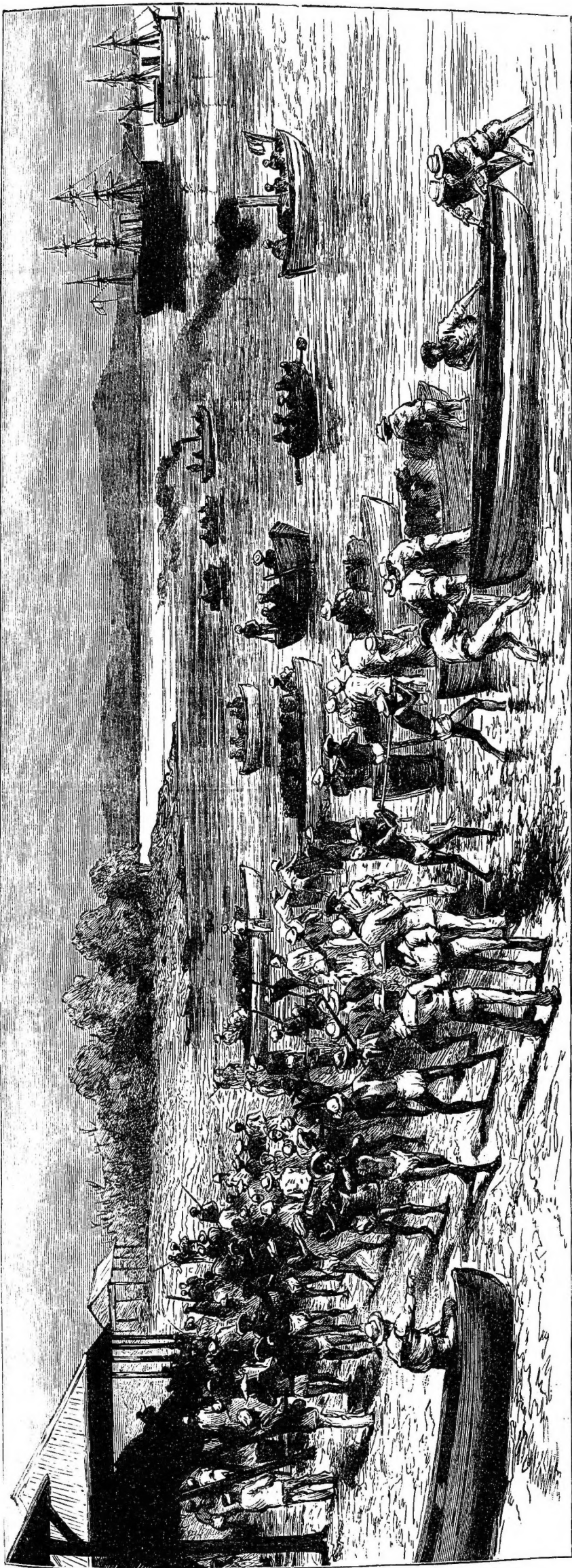
THE STATION OF VETTA
At the Summit of the Mountain

THE NEW SWISS RAILWAY ASCENDING MONTE GENEROSO

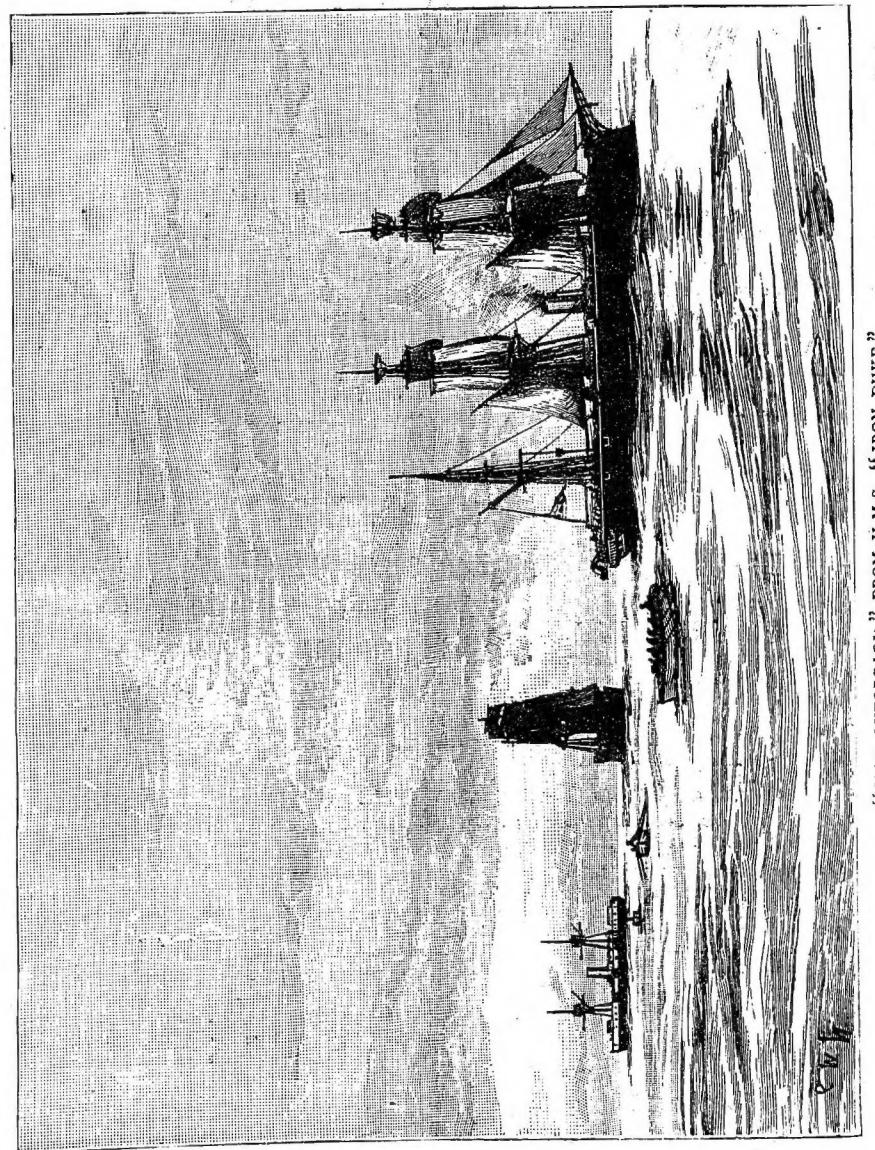


A FIELD HOSPITAL—THE ARMY MEDICAL DEPARTMENT'S EXHIBIT

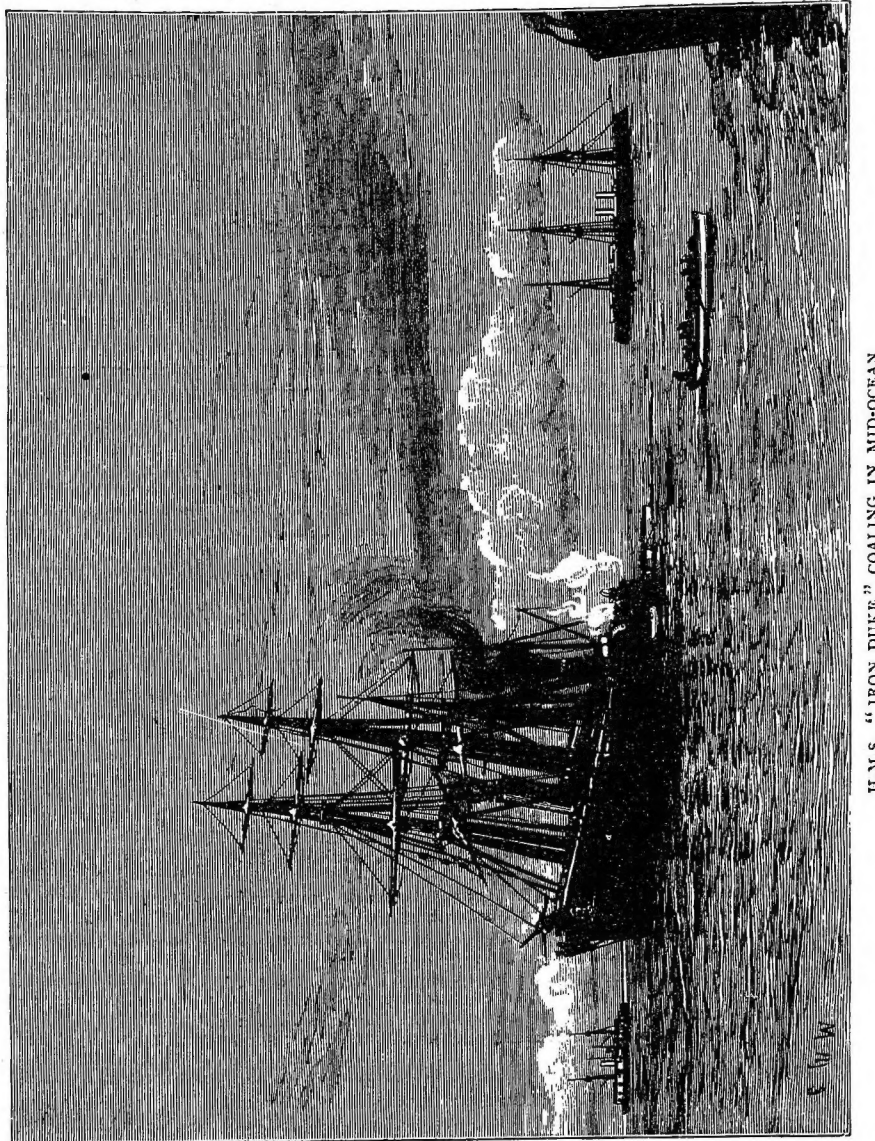
THE MILITARY EXHIBITION REVISITED



COALING STATIONS IN THE EAST
H.M.S. "NELSON" AND THE FRENCH MAN OF WAR "DECRES" TAKING COALS ON BOARD FROM THE BEACH IN THE ISLAND OF TIMOR



"MAN OVERBOARD," FROM H.M.S. "IRON DUKE"



H.M.S. "IRON DUKE" COALING IN MID-OCEAN
THE NAVAL MANOEUVRES—WITH THE HOSTILE FLEET

THE GRAPHIC

busy aspect. Between the coal sheds a huge pair of scales were set up, and as each basket was filled by the coolies it was taken there and weighed, after which two of them slinging it on a bamboo trotted down to the boats, pausing on the way to receive the small sum (about three half-pence) due to them for filling it from the native foreman, who stood near the shore with a large bag of coppers for the purpose. Arrived at the boats, the baskets of coal were, by the assistance of the Blue-Jackets and Marines, who were working up to their knees in water, placed on board; and when one or two were complete with their cargo, they were towed off to the ship by the steamboats to be unloaded and sent back for more. A few native boats were also employed in this way. After two or three days of this hard and dirty work in the close, hot atmosphere, the appearance of the ship, her boats, and crew can be better imagined than described, and after a thorough clean, every one was very glad to be once more under weigh.—Our engraving is from a sketch by a naval officer.

WITH THE HOSTILE FLEET

It will be remembered that after the close of the recent Naval Manœuvres, the so-called "hostile fleet," representing the enemy, and commanded by Sir Michael Seymour, was cruising far away in the Atlantic, two thousand miles from home, and did not reach Torbay till August 26th. The sketches which we now publish are by an officer of the fleet. One of them represents the coaling operations at sea, a matter which has attracted considerable attention both from the Naval profession and from the public. It is indeed of great importance, for if our modern vessels can thus be replenished with fuel without seeking the shelter of a harbour, they will be able to perform as prolonged cruises as the ships of Nelson's day, whose only motive power was the wind. On the night of August 19th, the electric search-light revealed the presence of some approaching vessels. Sanguine spirits hoped at last for a brush with the foe; but the strangers turned out to be a triplet of colliers under the convoy of the brave little *Barrosa*, which had stuck to them faithfully through bad weather and good. Next day, Admiral Seymour having ascertained, by a succession of personal visits, how much coal each vessel wanted, fuel was supplied to the *Minotaur*, *Iron Duke*, *Northampton*, *Ajax*, *Audacious*, and *Barrosa*. Some of the commanding officers thought coaling at sea hazardous in the extreme, both to their own ships and to the colliers, but Captain Boyle of the *Ajax* denied the danger, saying that the work could be quite as safely performed as in an open roadstead, providing that the sea was as calm as it fortunately happened to be. Captain Boyle was right, for the business was done as comfortably with no bottom under the ships' keels in 2,000 fathoms, as if they had been anchored in Plymouth Sound or the roadstead at Spithead. The foregoing is from the *Times* correspondent's letter; the officer who furnished our sketches is less encouraging. He says:—"It was only on account of the exceptionally fine weather at the time that it could be carried out, and even then with more or less damage to one of the colliers and the *Northampton*."

Although Admiral Seymour's fleet was three weeks at sea and traversed a distance of 3,500 miles, there was not a single mishap save the loss of the poor fellow who fell overboard from the *Iron Duke*, and was drowned on August 12th. The scene is represented in our second illustration. The *Northampton*, the ship astern of the *Iron Duke* at the time, steamed on and dropped her boat almost on the spot where the man fell, but he was not seen again, though eventually there were four boats looking for him.

RACING AT NEWMARKET

THE First October Meeting at head-quarters, which has been in progress this week, is not so popular as some others. At this time of year many men who in the season are constant in their attendance at all race-meetings within easy reach of London are away shooting in Scotland, yachting off the coast of Norway, or recruiting themselves at British or Continental watering-places. During the First October Meeting, moreover, there is no event of first-class importance calculated to draw a crowd. Still there are a faithful few who never miss a meeting on the famous Heath, and their numbers are swelled by those who follow racing as a business, and who must be present. There was a very fair attendance, therefore, on Tuesday last, when in beautiful, bright autumn weather, marred later on, however, by a slight shower, the racing began. There were eight races on the card, and, though fields ruled small, some smart horses were seen out. Thus the three runners for the Great Foal Stakes were Lord Hartington's Morion, the Duke of Westminster's Blue-Green, and Mr. Houldsworth's Alloway. They finished in the order named, but Morion only secured the verdict by a head after a very fine race. Prince Soltykoff's Gold won the Forty-first Triennial, and among the other winners were Tommy Tittlemouse, Orion, and Macuncas. Next day the principal event was the Great Eastern Handicap. For this Semolina was made favourite, but she failed to stay, and the race resulted in a dead-heat between Bel Demonio and L'Abbé Morin, L'Abbesse de Jouarre being third.

"LACE-MAKING"

HAND-MADE lace is either produced by the needle, or woven on a pillow or cushion by means of bobbins. It consists of hexagonal meshes, four of the sides of each mesh being formed by twisting two threads round each other, and the other two sides by the simple crossing of two threads over each other. This is the kind manufactured at Lille and Nottingham. Another description is made at Brussels and Honiton, two sides of each mesh being plaited of four threads, and the four other sides of threads twisted together. In the lace made at Valenciennes the six sides of the mesh are plaited, but two of the sides of each mesh are very small. The Buckinghamshire lace is woven on a pillow or cushion which the woman places on her knees. To form the meshes pins are stuck into the cushion, and the threads are woven or twisted round the pins. These items of information may enhance the reader's interest in Mr. Weatherhead's pretty picture.

OFFICERS OF THE HORSE AND LIFE GUARDS SWIMMING THEIR HORSES ACROSS THE THAMES

THE swimming of the troops which, at the commencement of the Cavalry Manœuvres just terminated, was looked forward to with great interest, did not come off, the order being, for some good reason no doubt, countermanded. On Wednesday, the 10th, the day on which the first attempt was to have been made by part of 1st Brigade from the Churn Camp, large numbers of people congregated on the banks of the Thames at the places from which they fancied themselves most likely to see the sight. Much disappointment was felt when it was known that the order had been rescinded. Those, however, who were at the right spot, and had the patience to wait, were rewarded.

Arriving at the camp on Churn Hill in the morning, we were disappointed to hear that the proposed attempt was not to be made, at any rate on that day. So we went on the Downs and watched the movements of the regiment formed from the Horse Guards and the Life Guards. At luncheon some of the officers of that regiment proposed that they should go to the river and make the experiment that afternoon, a proposal which was shortly afterwards carried out, a ride of about seven miles bringing us to a ferry on the Thames, not far from Moulsoford. About twelve or fifteen officers swam their horses across and back again, though not without considerable trouble. In two cases the horses got over all right, but refused to return, and were eventually towed back from a punt, and in more

than one instance horse and rider parted company, and reached *terra firma* separately. One grasped his horse's tail, and was towed to shore safely and rapidly.

The experiment was extremely interesting and instructive. The lesson taught was, without doubt, that to swim a large body of cavalry across a stream or river without previous training would be a mistake, and would probably result in disaster. The horses, with one or two exceptions, when they reached the deep water and had to commence swimming, appeared terrified and confused, and plunged upwards and forwards, the hindparts sinking low and the foreparts reared up, to sink again of course, sometimes completely under water—the weight of the riders also helping to force them under. When one or two of the horses managed to dispose of their riders, they swam with apparent ease and rapidly.

A very interesting and instructive letter appeared in the *Morning Post* of the 17th inst. on the subject of swimming mounted troops, and a previous one a day or two beforehand. The attempt made by the officers of the Horse Guards and Life Guards—entered into, no doubt, as much for diversion as anything else—has yet been very useful in showing what may be done, and what should be avoided. One thing forced itself upon the spectator, viz., that wherever it may be best for the rider, under such circumstances, to be, whether at his horse's side, grasping his mane, or at his tail, there is one place where it is best he should *not* be, and that is *sitting* on his back.

PROTESTANT FUGITIVES AFTER THE REVOCATION OF THE EDICT OF NANTES

THIS picture of M. Leloir's is very powerful and interesting, and we do not feel able to accept the dictum of M. Albert Wolff, the celebrated critic, who says:—"In order to fill a canvas unnecessarily large, the artist has been obliged to give such prominence to his landscape as to render his figures insignificant." On the contrary, the imposing scale of the rocks seems to add vividness and reality to the incidents depicted. The condition of the French Protestant after the Revocation of the Nantes Edict was indeed appalling, and is thus eloquently described by Dr. Wyllie in his "History of Protestantism":—"The King was his enemy, the law was his enemy, his fellow-countrymen were his enemies, and on all sides of him was a cordon of guards and gendarmes to apprehend and subject him to terrible sufferings should he attempt to escape from the vast prison which had shut him in. Peasants armed with scythes watched the high-roads and guarded the river-fords; troops lined the frontier; ships cruised off the ports and examined all outward-bound vessels; yet all these efforts to check the emigration proved vain." Of the one million Protestants scattered among the twenty millions of Frenchmen it is probable that from a quarter to half a million left the country. England, Holland, and Germany were their main asylums.

"ISABELLA"

"MEASURE FOR MEASURE" is perhaps the most tragical of all those plays of Shakespeare's which are classed under the head of comedies, but, being a comedy so-called, the dramatist makes everything end happily, and even Angelo, the hypocritical villain, is pardoned. Isabella, as our readers will remember, is the sister of one Claudio, who, under an antique law recently revived, is lying under sentence of death for having loved his betrothed too kindly without waiting for marriage. Isabella goes to plead for her brother's life to Angelo, who has been appointed governor of the city by the Duke during his own supposed absence. The moment chosen by Mr. Topham for his picture is when Isabella first enters the Deputy's presence, saying:—

I am a woful suitor to your honour,
Please but your honour hear me.

How the evil passions of the apparently austere Angelo are kindled at the sight of the young lady, and how he strives to induce her to commit the very offence for which he is about to put Claudio to death, will be found, by those who have forgotten this interesting story, in the play itself.

THE LATE CANON LIDDON.—Our portrait, published last week, was from the only photograph of Dr. Liddon ever taken. This was done for Mr. George C. Whitfield's "Men of Mark." The copyright is the property of Mr. Whitfield, who has made arrangements with the London Stereoscopic Company for the supply of the portrait to the public in cabinet form.—In a recent issue we spoke of the late Dean Merivale. We are glad to learn that, although past eighty, the Dean is in good health, and as vigorous as many men much his junior.



THE SERIOUS ILLNESS OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK will preclude him from fulfilling his engagement to preside over the Church Congress, which meets next week at Hull.

IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE FUNERAL OF CANON LIDDON the form which a memorial to him should take was considered. At a meeting of some of his friends, nine Prelates being present, it was agreed, on the motion of the Bishop of Oxford, seconded by Mr. J. G. Talbot, M.P., that a fund should be raised to erect in the first instance a fitting memorial in St. Paul's; and after that to assist members of the University of Oxford to study theology more thoroughly. It was also resolved, though not without some slight opposition, that this Theological Fund should be placed in the hands of the authorities of Keble College. On the motion of the Bishop of Lincoln, seconded by the Dean of Westminster, it was agreed that subscribers should be asked to allocate their subscriptions to one or other of these objects, in the absence of any notification the allocation to be left to a Committee, which is being formed. 2,500l. are promised already, of which Lord Beauchamp has subscribed 500l., Dean Church 100l., and Canons Gregory and Scott Holland 50l. each.

THE LORD MAYOR, Aldermen, and Governors of the Royal Hospitals attended service according to annual custom on St. Matthew's Day (Monday), at Christ Church, Newgate Street, where were assembled some 800 scholars of Christ's Hospital. Again according to annual custom, the sermon was preached by an old Blue, the Rev. G. F. Nash, Vicar of Clavering, Essex, who alluded incidentally to the impending changes in the arrangements of Christ Hospital, and spoke with satisfaction of the scheme for admitting to it, after competition, a certain number of boys from public elementary schools, who will thus be placed on the direct road to the universities.

THE AUTHORESS OF "Robert Elsmere," Mrs. Humphry Ward, has just issued some "Words to Residents" in University Hall, Gordon Square, which is to be opened for residence early in October. The first aim of the new institution, previously referred to in this column, will be, we are told, "to create a new spirit of Christian discipleship among us, and so to make life more sacred both for those who may live and govern in the Hall, and for those toilers of the world amongst whom the work of the Hall is to be cast." On

October 8th, Professor J. Estlin Carpenter will give his opening lecture on the "Three First Gospels and the Early Church," and on November 4th, the Rev. Stopford Brooke will begin a course of lectures on "English Poetry in the Nineteenth Century."

THE LATE ROBERT BROWNING, when visiting Llandudno in the autumn of 1886, always found his way on Sundays to the pew of his friends Sir Theodore and Lady Martin (formerly Miss Helen Faucit), in the picturesque and very ancient little church at Llan-tysilio. Lady Martin has just placed in it a memorial tablet recording the fact.

THE DEATH is announced of two well-known Baptist ministers, the Rev. John Trafford, aged seventy-three, for many years of the Baptist Mission, Serampore, recently Secretary to the Bible Translation Society; and, in his sixty-ninth year, of the Rev. C. B. Lewis, long Indian Secretary of the Baptist Missionary Society, and Manager of the Calcutta Mission Press.

MR. RICHARD W. HOLLON, of York, of which city he was Lord Mayor in 1856, has left, with a number of charitable bequests, 1,000l. to each of the following organisations: the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Church Missionary Society, the Pastoral Aid Society, and the Zenana Mission.

THE BISHOP OF ONTARIO, Dr. Travers Lewis, when passing through Dieppe on his way from Paris to his Diocese, preached on Sunday, September 14th, to a crowded congregation at Christ Church, Dieppe (the Rev. R. H. Killick, Chaplain), on behalf of Miss Ada Leigh's (Mrs. Travers Lewis) British and American Mission Homes in Paris. The Bishop and Mrs. Travers Lewis sail immediately for Canada.



MR. DUNCAN, the unsuccessful defendant in Miss Knowles's action for breach of promise of marriage, was not present at the first meeting, held on Wednesday, under his bankruptcy. His legal representative alleged that he had been so prostrated by the 10,000l. damages awarded that he was physically unable to attend, and it was hinted that he had some hope of seeing the amount materially reduced. A denial was given on his behalf to the charge that he had taken some of his property out of the jurisdiction of the Court in order to defeat Miss Knowles. Ultimately the meeting was adjourned to October 7th.

THE LAMBETH POLICE COURT was crowded on Tuesday within and without, on the surrender to their bail of the two pugilists, Slavin and McAuliffe, who had been charged on the previous day with being about to commit a breach of the peace by having a glove-fight at the Ormonde Club, Walworth. The only witness examined on Tuesday was Inspector Chisholm, who said that, according to the information furnished to the police, it was to be a fight of endurance, and a breach of the peace was apprehended. For the defence it was contended, and evidence in support of this contention was given by several witnesses, among them Lord Lonsdale and Lord Esmé Gordon, that what was contemplated was not a prize fight, but a contest of skill under the Queensberry rules, which were framed with a view of putting an end to vulgar prize fighting. The magistrate, Mr. Partridge, said that there was no evidence before him to show that the proposed contest was to embrace fewer than thirty rounds, occupying in all, with one minute interval between each round, two hours. The use of gloves did not make a fight legal. He suggested, however, that instead of his binding over the defendants in heavy recognisances to keep the peace for an indefinite period, they should be bound over to appear at that Court if called on. Then if any breach of the peace did take place no doubt the defendants would be arrested and sent for trial, in which event the whole question could be tested by a judge. Slavin's legal representative having cordially approved of this suggestion, the defendants were bound over in 1,000l. each to appear if called on, and sureties being found, they left the Court.

THE proceedings against four Salvationists charged with resisting and assaulting the police on the occasion of a procession to Exeter Hall were concluded on Tuesday. The police had ordered the procession to break up in Savoy Street—processions in the Strand not being permitted—and constables and on-lookers gave evidence to the effect that when the order was given a police-sergeant was struck by one of the defendants, and when the offender was taken into custody another of them kicked a constable severely, a general hustling of policemen by Salvationists ensuing. For the Salvationists, witnesses deposed that the procession was dispersing when the police committed unprovoked assaults. The magistrate, Mr. Vaughan, said that he scarcely ever remembered evidence so contradictory. He considered, however, that the charge of assaulting the police had been proved against two of the defendants, one a "commissioner" the other an "officer" of the army, and he fined them 20s., or in default twenty-one days' imprisonment. The other two defendants were discharged. An application for summonses against the police was refused. The defendants declined to pay the fines, and elected to go to prison.

A SINGULARLY EASY CAPTURE OF BURGLARS was that effected on Sunday evening by the Rev. Robert Ward, a Congregational Minister, residing at Forest Gate. On returning home between seven and eight he found the front door fastened inside, and lights shining through the windows. On shouting, "Who is there?" an upstairs window was opened, and a voice replied, "All right, guv'nor, if you don't use violence, we'll come down." No violence being used, two men surrendered, and under the escort of the rev. gentleman and two neighbours were conveyed to the Police-station. A third man, suspected of being an accomplice, was charged along with them at the West Ham Police Office, and all three were remanded.

DURING AN INQUIRY at Barmsey, on Tuesday, before the Deputy Coroner for East Surrey, into the death of an infant, whose parents were destitute because the father, a leather dyer, could not find employment, the mother, in reply to a question, said that her husband could not get work because he "had no union card." On this the Coroner remarked—"Then if men do not belong to trade unions they must starve. Then I consider in this, a free country, trade unions ought to be abolished." At the close of the inquiry he also remarked that it was the fourth case in the district in which the death could be traced directly to the strikes, a remark which led a jurymen to exclaim—"They are a curse to the country."

IN THE MATTER of what is known as the Plumstead tragedy, Walter James Lyons, machinist, aged twenty, was, on Tuesday, committed at the Woolwich Police-court for trial at the Central Criminal Court, on the charge of murdering Quartermaster-Sergeant Stewart, 51st Battery, Royal Artillery, by stabbing him with a knife, on September 13th.

A SHOWER OF MICE fell around the Tunisian Holy City, Kairouan, last week. A violent sandstorm broke over the city one night, and next morning the ground was strewn with thousands of dead mice, mostly with their heads partly blown off by the force of the storm.



THE TURF.—Some remarks on the First October Meeting at Newmarket will be found among "Our Illustrations." At Manchester, last week, there were three very full days' racing. On the Thursday, the Lancaster Nursery Handicap fell to Baron de Rothschild's *Mardi Gras*, which beat Florence and fourteen others, while the September Plate was won by Mr. Douglas Baird's *Petard*. Mr. J. H. Houldsworth, whose luck has been remarkably good this year, won the Breeders' Foal Stakes next day with *Springtime*, *Pannonia* and *Flodden Field* being second and third respectively; and Lady Wharfedale secured the September Handicap. But the *pièce de résistance* was, of course, the Lancashire Plate, decided on Saturday. *Memoir* and *St. Serf* were both among the nine runners, but in spite of his heavy weight, 10st. 2lbs., General Byrne's *Amphion* was made a strong favourite. He justified the confidence reposed in him by winning comfortably, but both *Memoir* and *St. Serf* seemed to have lost all their *St. Leger* form and finished nowhere. The second was Mr. D. Baird's *Martagon*, and the third Lord Rosebery's filly by Foxhall—*Chopette*.

CRICKET.—The most disastrous tour, from a cricket point of view, which an Australian team has ever had in this country, came to an end on Saturday last, when the Colonists drew with an Eleven of England at Manchester. It began well enough, for of the first seven matches the Colonists won five; but the middle portion was disastrous—at one time our visitors played nine matches in succession without scoring a victory—and the end was almost as bad. Altogether thirty-eight matches were played, of which sixteen were lost and thirteen won. Of the so-called "representative" matches they only won two, and England beat them twice, though, curiously enough, only by comparatively small margins. The batting averages are headed by Murdoch, with 23, while Barrett comes next with 22, and Trott third with 19. Bowling, it is Turner and Ferris first and second, and the rest nowhere. Each has taken 215 wickets at a cost of about thirteen runs apiece, and they alone, it can hardly be doubted, are mainly responsible for the few matches in which victory was secured. It is useless to express hopes that we may not see another Australian team over for a long time, for it is as sure as duck's eggs are duck's eggs that 1892 will witness another Colonial visitation; but we do hope they will bring at least four really good bats, and a decent change bowler or so.

By far the most successful English batsman against the Australians has been Gunn, who for sixteen completed innings has an average of 46, while next to him comes the evergreen "W. G." with 29, and Peel with 26. The last-mentioned has also been very successful with the ball, having taken forty-one Colonial wickets at a cost of less than 13 runs apiece; but his figures are beaten by those of Briggs and Martin, each of whom has taken 56 wickets for about 11 apiece. The same names are naturally high up in the total averages. These, as far as batting is concerned, are practically headed by Shrewsbury with 41, and he also has the highest individual score of the year, 267. Gunn is next with 34, while Abel (30), and Messrs. Cranston, Webbe, W. G. Grace, and R. N. Douglas, each with 28, are all well up. In bowling Briggs, Attewell, Sharpe, Peel, Martin, Lohmann, and Mold, are the foremost names. Each has taken more than 100 wickets. The only two amateur English bowlers worth noticing are Messrs. E. A. Nepean, whose 34 wickets cost less than 12 runs apiece, and S. M. J. Woods, who secured 59 at an average cost of about 13.

ATHLETIC SPORTS.—On Saturday last the *employés* of *The Graphic* and *The Daily Graphic* held their eighth annual sports in the grounds of the Duke of Edinburgh Hotel, New Wimbledon. There was a good attendance, and the officials are to be heartily congratulated upon the manner in which the programme was carried out. Messrs. E. J. Mansfield and J. Buchanan were the judges; Mr. T. L. Bell acted as starter; Mr. A. H. Grover as secretary; and Mr. G. R. Parker as treasurer. After the sports, which included sprint races for all ages, an Egg and Spoon Race, and an All-Fours Race, the two latter of which were productive of much laughter, an adjournment was made to the hotel, where Mr. Gabb had provided a capital tea. After tea Mr. Carmichael Thomas distributed the prizes with a few appropriate remarks, and the day ended with speeches, music, and tobacco.

FOOTBALL.—In League matches Everton and Preston North End continue their victorious career, and the latter have also defeated Sheffield United. Down South the Casuals on Saturday defeated both Chatham and Old Wykehamists, while victories were also gained by Clapton, London Caledonians, and Royal Arsenal. The Rugby game has been started in the North, and Yorkshire and Lancashire clubs have been busy; but the Southerners, with more wisdom, have been waiting until the weather should be a little more seasonable and a little less hot.

BOXING.—There was to have been a great glove-fight on Monday night between F. P. Slavin, the Australian Champion, and Joe McAuliffe, of California, for a purse of 1,000*l.*, presented by the Ormonde Club, where the fight was to take place. Early in the day, however, both Slavin and McAuliffe were arrested by the police, and, as stated more fully in our "Legal" column, charged at the Lambeth Police Court with being about to commit a breach of the peace. On Wednesday Mr. Partridge, having considered the matter, bound them over in the sum of 1,000*l.* to appear if called upon.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Dawson, a well-known North of England billiard-player, made breaks of 1,207 and 1,848 in a recent match. Unless the table was very easy, Peall must look to his laurels.—At Bootle, on Saturday, G. A. Blake won the Amateur Plunging Championship for the third time in succession, and thus secured the cup outright.

THE END OF THE COACHING SEASON

THAT the season of 1890 has been a wonderfully prosperous one in the coaching world no one who knows anything of the game will be inclined to deny, for, in spite of the chilly and ungenial weather which we experienced during the months of June, July, and August, there was no lack of passengers, nor can we attribute the large number of travellers to the fact of England being a sort of half-way house, as was the case last year when the Paris Exhibition attracted such a huge concourse of people from the other side of the Atlantic. There can be no doubt that the phenomenal success scored last year induced aspirants to coaching fame to make a start, whilst it encouraged those already on the road to maintain with firmness the position they had achieved; and so, while very few roads were abandoned, many new ones were opened up, both in the vicinity of London and away in the provinces. The most notable absentee of the season was undoubtedly Mr. P. J. Rumney's "Wonder," which has run for so many years to St. Alban's, and the genial face and broad-brimmed white hat of Sam Clark was no doubt sorely missed all down the road by the many maidens to whom he was so well known. This loss to the St. Alban's road, however, was not a loss to the list of coaches, as Mr. Rumney placed the "Tally Ho" on the road from Hampton Court to

Burford Bridge, just by way of a change. The next important road which was this year vacant was that from London to Bentley Priory, or Chénies, which names are synonymous with those of Edwin Fownes and the "Defiance" coach; but here again we have the equivalent, as, feeling he wanted a rest, the elder Fownes sold his business and coach to his son Ernest, who promptly opened up the lovely road to Bellaggy, the pretty bungalow village on the borders of Surrey and Sussex, and had a most satisfactory return for his outlay. The third absentee was the "Enterprise," which last year ran from London to Maidenhead, under the superintendence of Jim Sullivan, who, immediately the old road was closed, set about getting a little syndicate together to open the road to Eton, which he did with the "Express." So successful has the season been that he has determined to keep the coach going all the year round, and it is now running from Brighton to Arundel, after which it will be brought back to London, and will make a short trip daily during the winter, in all probability making Surbiton its destination, the route being *via* Hammersmith, Richmond, and Ham.

A further addition to the London coaches is the "Magnet," which has just completed its first season to Reigate, while the "Rocket" has, during the latter end of the season, been doing the formidable journey from London to Eastbourne, after having had three months on the London and Colchester road. In addition to all these there are quite a number which have made no change since last year, and they include those running from London to Virginia Water, Hertford, Windsor, Hampton Court, Dorking, Guildford, and Brighton. While all these have been doing good business from London, the coaching fever seems to have spread to all parts of England, for this year has seen coaches running from Ross to Monmouth, and Monmouth to Abergavenny, from Weston-super-Mare to Cheddar, Brighton to Eastbourne, Brighton to Arundel, Tunbridge Wells to Bellaggy, Margate to Canterbury, Folkestone to Canterbury, Henley to Maidenhead, besides several others. Had one half of these been running five years ago, the most sanguine devotee would hardly have had courage to prophesy success, and yet this year complaints have been very few and far between. But what is the reason of this change? Simply that coaching has been taken up by the right class of men, no expense has been spared to horse the coaches well, the various sporting periodicals have debated at length on the beauties of the roads, and people have gradually awakened to the fact that there is no place, from which to enjoy these beauties like the high roof of a coach. Hundreds of people living in London were in ignorance (until they had taken several of these drives) that there was anything like such charming scenery as they then saw within twenty or thirty miles of smoky London.

Some of the peeps to be obtained on the Dorking coach could vie with the grandeur of the Engadine, as those who know the road from Burford to Box Hill will readily admit. The view from the top of Reigate Hill too, though of a totally different class, is magnificent in its extent, looking as it does over Reigate and Redhill, with innumerable tiny villages and peaceful English homesteads, pasture and woodland, stretching away to the Brighton Downs, which only just hide the sea in the far distance from view. The Windsor and Eton roads, too, are rich in their lovely river scenery, while pine woods, heather, and wild country are the features of the Guildford route. For varied English scenery, perhaps the Virginia Water trip is the most prolific, as it includes magnificent parks, peeps at the Thames, the deep lanes of Chertsey and Weybridge, and the famous woods and lakes of Virginia Water itself.

Of the country trips, would it be possible to find in Europe any more lovely piece of country than the Wye and Usk valleys which are traversed by the Ross and Monmouth coach? or where is it possible to find a more characteristic drive than that from Folkestone to Canterbury, and on to Margate? With all these facilities for viewing England's beauties, he who cannot find amongst them his ideal of home scenery must indeed be difficult to please. The season proper is over, done with, and entered in the records; the sales of the horses are now taking place weekly at Messrs. Freeman's, sale-yard in St. Martin's Lane; and Northumberland Avenue, the new head-quarters, has once more relapsed into its quiet, every-day, jog-trot life, and is as near to its former ways as possible. It will never be quieter, for, although there are still a few coaches running daily which will also in a few weeks be taken off the road, others will take their places, and begin their winter season.

Nor is the winter at all a bad time of year for this pastime. Nothing can possibly be more delightful or invigorating than a brisk drive of twelve or fourteen miles on a clear, frosty day; and certain it is that the country is just as rich in charms on many such days as it is when clothed in all its summer glory. In all probability the list of winter coaches will include the "Old Times" to Otlands Park, the "Vivid" to Hampton Court, the "Express" to Surbiton, the "Venture" to Windsor or some other place, the "Comet" to Brighton, and the "Defiance" to some place not yet decided upon, possibly to Bentley Priory. Altogether coaching was never in so healthy a state as at the present time since the first revival, and it has been hinted that at least one will be entrusted next year with the mails, but this may be only an *on dit*.

STRAIGHT PELHAM

SCOTTISH SHEPHERDS

IN Scotland the shepherd has succeeded the glaciers. His long shadow, on summer mornings, slants across green-rouned hills, planned into domes and undulations by the ice of a remote age. His cottage is not unfrequently close to a moraine, possibly built in part from the stones of it, and the flat meadow on which his two cows are feeding was once a small lake, long since silted up. His sheep have a habit of rubbing themselves against the grey boulders of whinstone, conglomerate, or granite, scattered over the hills, until a bare path is visible all around the isolated stone. So little geology has intervened between the ice-age and the present day, that among these sheep-walks coal has only been half-made in Nature's laboratory, and has to be extracted from the peat moss in the imperfect form of turf. From his humble dwelling, far in the bosom of the hills, it often happens no other human habitation is visible. His cottage seldom exceeds two apartments, with sleeping-rooms above the rafters, ascended to by a ladder, and there is generally a special room partitioned off for his milk and butter. Seen from the top of a hill the house looks rather dark, especially if thatched with straw or heather. Close to it is the little byre where the cows are milked from beneath, and the poultry are robbed of their eggs from above. The large ungainly wooden shed, tarred, contains the peats, collected in the golden days of summer. The piggery is somewhat primitive, being rather a shelter than a prison, and the inmates in good weather go abroad, occasionally mixing with the cows, ducks, poultry, and sonsy old mare, which drags the family to kirk and market. At ten minutes' walk from the house may be seen the folds in which the sheep are penned when shorn or dipped. The garden is close to the house, is surrounded by a tumble-down wall of uncemented stones, is entered by a wooden gate in the last stage of repair, and frequently contains two or three blasted Scotch firs, or a venerable ash tree, which the prevailing wind has bent towards the east. Only a few early potatoes are grown in the garden. After passing the old-fashioned sweet-smelling rosemary, southern-wood, and sweet-briar, nearly the whole surface is covered with colewort, or as it is called "green-kail," and these verdant plants, on sturdy stems, yield leaves for the broth-pot far into spring, and give a cheerful appearance to the winter garden, except in severe winters, when the furred and feathered game are apt to pay too frequent visits. In this

garden, too, may be seen tiny conical mounds of earth, ridged with turf, containing stores of potatoes, not to be opened until the days begin to lengthen, when they are found fresher and sweeter than if preserved within doors. Enter the shepherd's cottage. The kitchen is paved with flags or cobble-stones, like the court between house and byre, contains an old eight-day clock with brass face and oaken case, a meal-ark of great depth, divided for oatmeal and wheat flour, low plain chairs, a couple of beds, and a wide fireplace, all three placed uncomfortably high, while the small window has its light obscured by a large potted flower.

From the rafters above, suspended on iron hooks, hang "braxy" mutton-hams, flakes of bacon, baskets of oatmeal cakes, and bunches of onions. Round about the walls are pinned clipping-shears, lanterns, crooks, plaids, and other shepherd-gear. His parlour is a shade more pretentious; the floor of it is covered with sheep-skin, calf-skin, or deer-skin rugs. No dogs are allowed, for the kennel of the collies is under the kitchen beds. If the family be numerous, an exception is made in favour of baby and the large wooden-hooded cradle in which it is rocked, and also in favour of the cat, which is apt to be spoiled by the playfulness of the whelp. The mantelpiece of the parlour contains the Lares and Penates of his household. Above it are pictures in gay colours of shepherds and shepherdesses, all in love with each other. On the shelf are golden candlesticks, pottery-hens incubating in symmetrical nests, vases filled with the beautiful heath-grass named "silver shakers" (*Brisia media*), and pottery prize-rams, exceedingly fat and curly. The walls are hung with more serious pictures. Moses found by Pharaoh's daughter, one or more celebrated Presbyterian divines, a popular landlord or popular sheep-breeder are very likely to be met with, in jet black frames. The large flat stone at the threshold, or at the porch, is kept in good condition, as a token of the taste and cleanly habits of the shepherd's wife or daughter. It is always well-washed and ornamented with curvilinear figures wrought by a white stone entitled "caumstane," the flourishes representing ancient patterns, not unlike those on our old sculptured stones.

Our shepherds are long-winded and long-limbed, and nowhere do these qualities appear to better advantage than at a wedding, on which occasion they muster from great distances and dance night into morning, mostly in furious reels, with gesticulations and shouts, under which, perspiring copiously, little harm comes of the Scotch whisky imbibed so freely on such occasions. On such a gathering they are sure to be clean-shaved and dressed in their newest costumes of homely grey or stained-brown tweed. The dresses of the lassies are decidedly of a more fashionable cut.

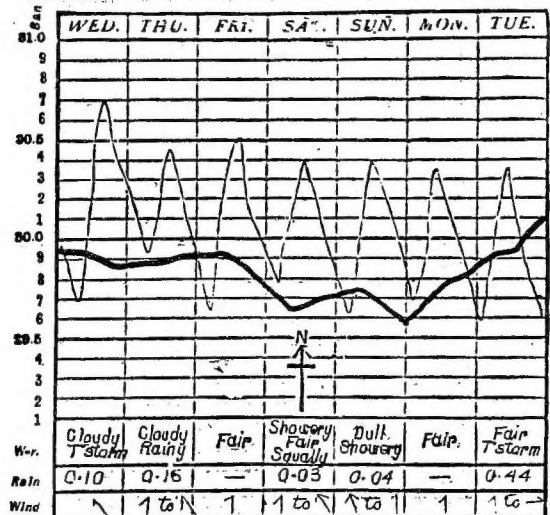
The Scottish shepherd takes higher rank morally than intellectually. He is honest to the backbone; but his clergyman does a deal of the thinking for him, and he follows his pastor's politics faithfully. Neither angling, playing cards, musical instruments, reading, nor games are much to his taste; and without his kirk, his dogs, his gossip at a neighbour's, his interest in his ewes, lambs, weather, and tobacco, life would hardly be worth living. He would never do in Texas, where shepherds have no dogs; next to his wife and babies come his collies. At sheep-shearing or dipping, at gathering fuel, at welcoming strangers, at finding out sheep buried in snow, at conducting them in winter to lower pastures, the dogs give vitality to the scene. Although excluded from church, they are present at almost every gathering. Their habits even connect man with the secrets of his fate, and their whining and oddities are grave affairs to those whose grandfathers used to have a glimpse of Satan himself.

At the great meetings which take place at the fall of the year, when swine require to be killed, the dogs and the boys are present, both taking an interest in the awful, but profitable, sacrifice. The travelling draper among the hills brings handkerchiefs with collies printed in the corners; and even when turning over the pages of their large illustrated Bibles a longer pause is made over the pictures in which those animals are introduced with whom they of necessity spend so large a portion of their time.

J. S.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1890



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Tuesday midnight (23rd inst.). The thin line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

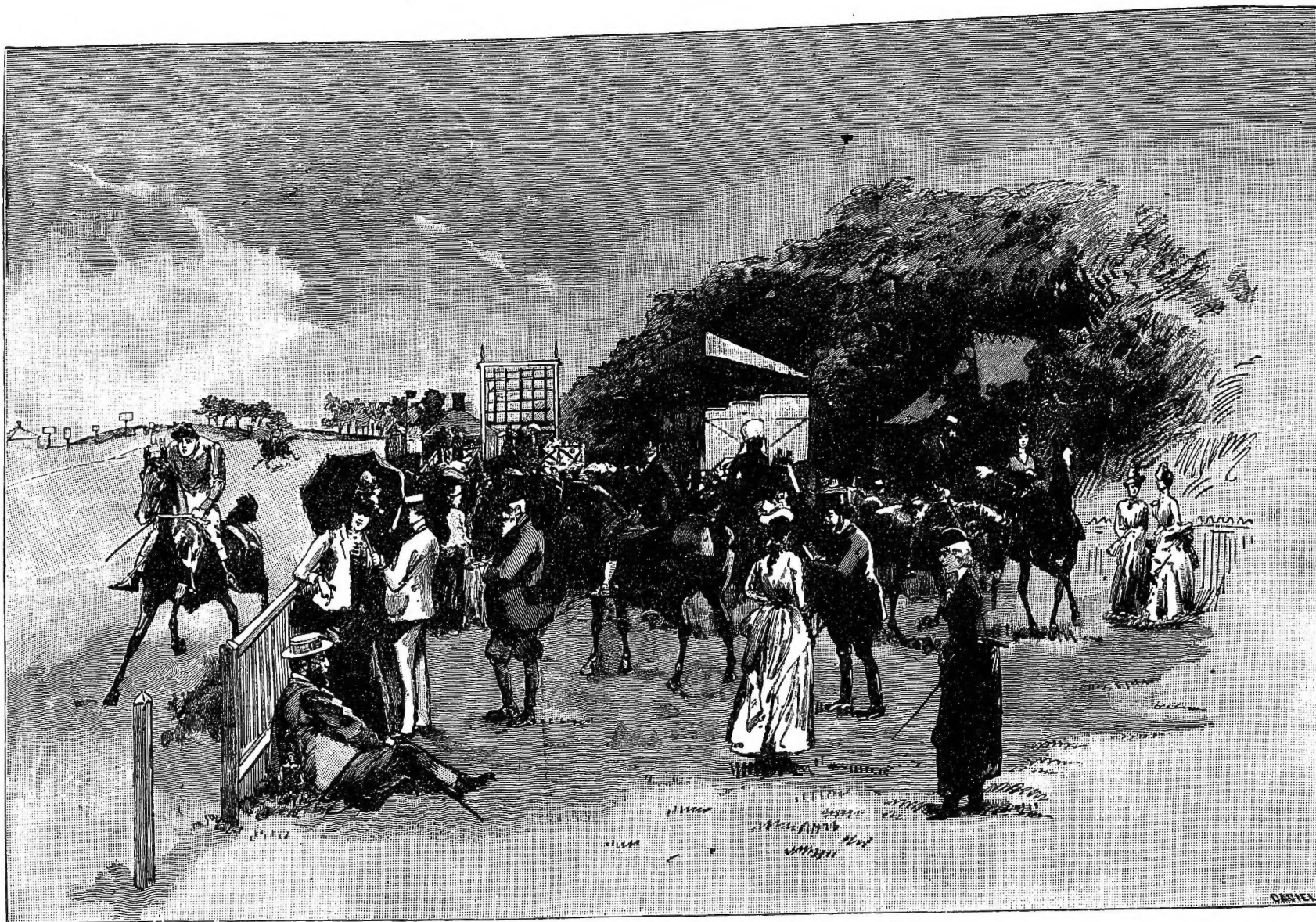
REMARKS.—The unsettled weather which prevailed at the close of the last week has continued during the period now under notice in all parts of the United Kingdom, and rough winds, with heavy falls of rain or sharp showers, have been felt generally. Pressure has been highest to the Eastward of our area, and lowest in a series of depressions which has moved in a North-Easterly or Northerly course along our West or North-West Coasts. These depressions, although causing a good deal of changeable and wet weather, were not at first of any great importance, but by Saturday (20th inst.) one of distinct depth and size appeared off the South-West of Ireland. This system subsequently travelled along our West Coasts in a Northerly direction, and steadily filled up. During its progress along our Coasts the Southerly to Easterly winds which were felt over Ireland attained the strength of a gale, and heavy rain occurred at many Western Stations. In many other places the wind blew freshly from some Southerly point, with rainy or showery weather. Over the South-East of England, however, the weather was fine or fair. At the close of the week the mercury had risen briskly over the whole of the United Kingdom, but more especially so in the West and North-West, where light North-Westerly breezes had become prevalent, and some improvement in the weather had set in generally. Temperature has been above the average in all parts of the United Kingdom. The highest values which occurred at the beginning of the time rose to 75° or slightly more over the Central and South-Eastern portion of the United Kingdom. The barometer was highest (30.09 inches) on Tuesday (23rd inst.); lowest (29.59 inches) on Sunday (21st inst.); range 0.50 inch.

The temperature was highest (74°) on Wednesday (17th inst.); lowest (52°) on Tuesday (23rd inst.); range 22°.

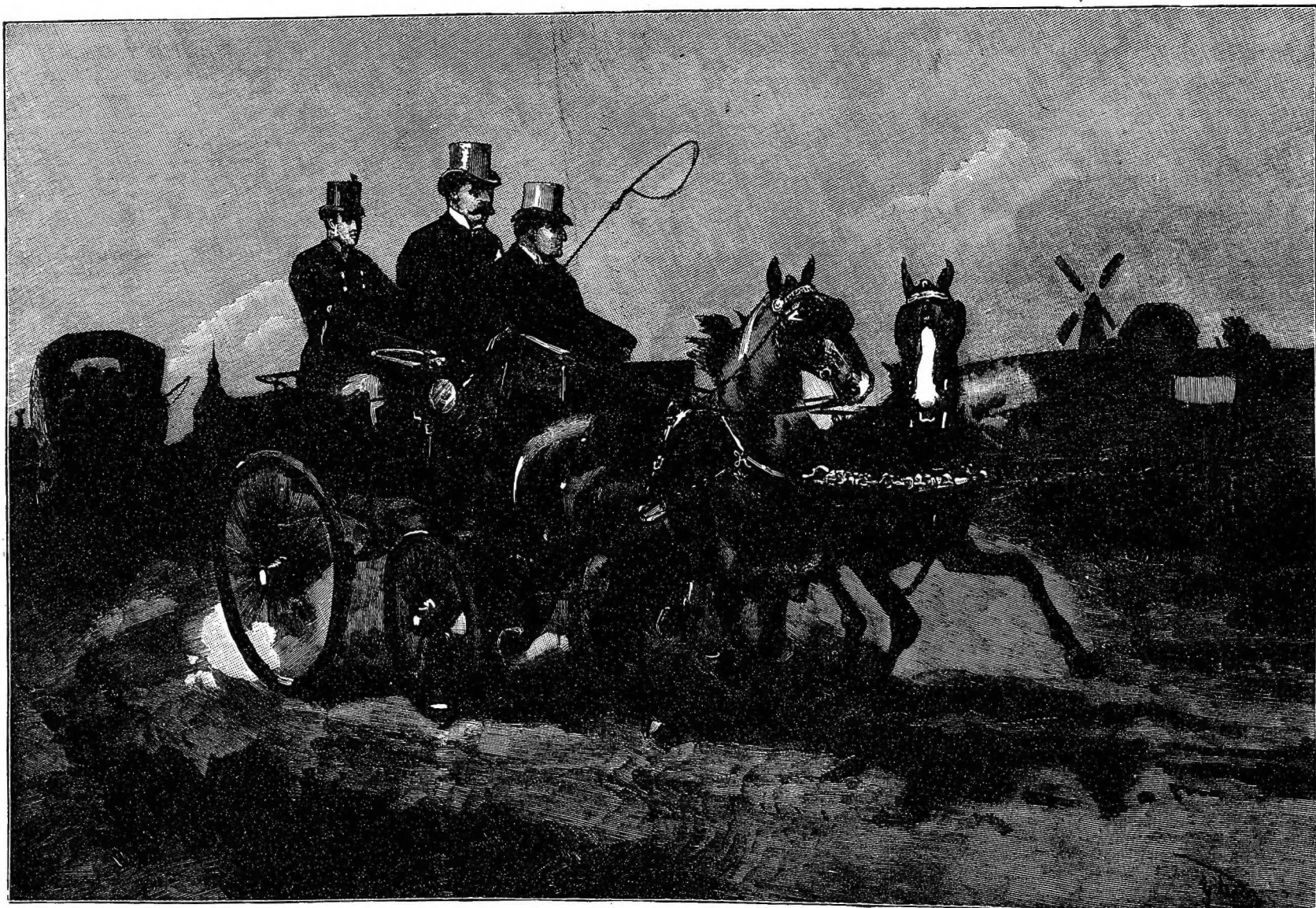
Rain fell on five days. Total amount 0.77 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 0.44 inch on Tuesday (23rd inst.).

THE CZAREVITCH starts on his Eastern tour next month from Sebastopol, and is expected at Bombay in November. He will stay with the Viceroy at Calcutta, and on leaving India he may probably go to the Russian fortress of Vladivostock, on the Pacific, returning thence *via* Siberia to Europe.

THE GRAPHIC



WATCHING THE PRELIMINARY CANTER



ON THE WAY TO THE COURSE—SOME WELL-KNOWN FREQUENTERS OF THE TURF
THE RACING SEASON AT NEWMARKET



A VERY useful book, especially for persons who do not enjoy vigorous health, is "The Book of Climates" (Baillière, Tindall, and Cox), by Dr. D. H. Cullimore. It embraces in its scope such subjects as acclimatisation, climatic diseases, health resorts and mineral springs, sea-sickness, sea-voyages, and sea-bathing. The author has had abundant qualifications of education and experience for his work. His object, as he tells us in his preface, is to give a concise, clear, and useful account, and one which will be acceptable alike to the profession and the public of the climates of the different countries of the globe, their salubrity, health resorts, mineral springs, and prevailing diseases. No such work has yet appeared in the English language. Dr. Cullimore has travelled extensively in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, while he has resided in India, Burmah, and the Riviera. He has consulted all the best authorities at home and abroad on the question of climate. In view of the statements made in the public prints with reference to the possibility of Englishmen colonising the African Highlands about the great lakes, Dr. Cullimore has some instructive observations. The Englishman is not so well adapted to this purpose as the Spaniard, Portuguese, or Italian. "That the temperate climate of altitude," the writer says, "will always fall short of, and can never entirely supply the place of, the temperate climate as indicated by degrees of latitude cannot be denied; for however invigorating it may be, the powerful sun, the rarefied air, and the absence of marked seasonable influence will eventually tend to anemia and racial deterioration. With these reservations we are justified in stating that on elevations varying from 6,000 to 10,000 feet, if properly cleared and selected, Europeans of all countries can enjoy good health, and enjoy it with comfort, at all events for many generations, and bring up their families in increasing numbers, but with greater difficulty than at home."

Mr. Arthur A. Macdonnell, M.A., of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, has been boating with some friends on an extensive scale in Germany, and made notes of their experiences. The result is "Camping Voyages on German Rivers" (Edward Stanford). The author navigated a distance of nearly 2,000 miles. The rivers traversed were the Weser, the Werra, the Neckar, the Rhine, the Moselle, the Main, the Moldau, the Elbe, and the Danube. Maps of the streams elucidatory of the aquatic journeying are supplied. A camping voyage, according to Mr. Macdonnell, is the cheapest form of travelling on the Continent. The expense of a month's holiday thus spent need not amount to more than twenty pounds at the outside for each member of the party. This sum would include railway fares, freight of boat and luggage, cost of boat, tent, and the remaining requisites for camping. The cost of living when camping is extremely small. For instance, once during a voyage on the Neckar, the writer remembers spending no more than five shillings on a twenty-four-hours' supply of provisions, including beer for five men. In the long run he thinks it cheaper to buy one's equipment. The volume contains a large general map showing the river system of Germany as a whole. A very useful feature is an appendix giving tables of distances and lists of obstructions, besides other practical details. The book should be welcome to all who may meditate following the example set by Mr. Macdonnell and his friends.

Seeing the prominence which Labour questions have taken in the public eye, it was a happy thought of Mr. H. de B. Gibbins, M.A., to write "The Industrial History of England" (Methuen and Co.). This book forms the first volume in the "University Extension Series" which Messrs. Methuen are publishing. The volumes are intended to assist the lecturer, and not to usurp his place. Each book will be complete in itself, and the subjects will be treated in a broad and philosophic spirit. The series is under the editorship of Professor Symes, Principal of University College, Nottingham. Mr. Gibbins begins his volume with Roman Britain. Generally, he divides his history in five periods—"England Before the Norman Conquest," "From the Norman Conquest to the Reign of Henry III.," "From the Thirteenth to the End of the Fifteenth Century, including the Great Plague," "From the Sixteenth Century to the Eve of the Industrial Revolution," "The Industrial Revolution and Modern England." As an example of Mr. Gibbins' manner, we may quote an interesting passage which comes under the head, "Over-Production and Wages." "It is not," he writes, "the business of an historian to vituperate any particular class; but he may justly point out the mistakes to which classes have, as a matter of history, been liable. And the great mistake of the capitalist class in modern times has been to pay too little wages. It is an old agricultural saying—I believe of Arthur Young's—that one cannot pay too much for good land or too little for bad land. The same remark applies to labour. Capitalist employers rarely make the mistake of paying too much for bad labour, but they have constantly, as a matter of history, committed the worse error of paying too little for good labour." Mr. Gibbins appears to us to have handled a great subject with ability and tact, compressing much valuable information into a narrow compass.

Mrs. Susan G. Horn has been the medium through which fifty-six communications from eminent historians, authors, legislators, "now in spirit-life," have passed. These literary exercises of the disembodied are published under the title, "The Next World" (James Burns). Among Mrs. Horn's contributors are Prince Albert, John Stuart Mill, Dickens, George Sand, Dr. Livingstone, Herodotus, and Victor Emanuel. The cover of the *Nineteenth Century* seems poor beside this list. All these great people display a certain similarity of style, and the English of Herodotus is very like that of the phantom of Carlyle. A volume of this sort demands unutterable impudence for its production, and a more amazing simplicity for its consumption.

Mrs. Brightwen, Vice-President of the Selborne Society, has written a really charming book about her domestic pets. She has entitled it "Will Nature Won by Kindness," and the publisher is Mr. Fisher Unwin. The volume is excellently illustrated by the author and Mr. F. Carruthers Gould. During twenty years of variable health, the companionship of the animal world has been the constant solace and delight of Mrs. Brightwen. To keep her memory fresh in the first instance, and afterwards with a distinct intention of repeating her single experiences to others, this lady kept notes of whatever seemed to her worthy of record in the lives of her pets. Some of these papers have already appeared in the *Animal World*. Mrs. Brightwen chats in the most delightful fashion about her starlings, nightingales, titmice, and the rest, and she

actually succeeded in taming two butterflies. Those who care for a book of loving observation of winged life will find much to please and amuse them in "Wild Nature Won by Kindness."

A book which will be of assistance to the student who wishes to understand the Irish Question in all its bearings is "Ireland under Elizabeth and James the First" (George Routledge). It consists of contemporary essays and speeches, and is edited with an introduction by Professor Henry Morley. The documents here discovered of the True Causes why Ireland was never entirely subdued printed are Spenser's "A View of the State of Ireland;" and "A nor brought under obedience of the Crown of England until the beginning of His Majesty's Happy Reign," by Sir John Davies. There are, further, two letters by Sir John, and his speech in the Irish Parliament to the Lord Deputy of Ireland, when the latter approved of him as Speaker of the Commons. The volume concludes with a description of Ireland by Fynes Moryson, Secretary to the Lord Mountjoy, Deputy from 1599 to 1603. Spenser refers to a curious, though uncomfortable prophecy about Ireland:—"They say," he writes, putting the thought in the mouth of one of his characters, "that it is the fatal destiny of that land, that no purposes whatever which are meant for her good will prosper or take good effect, which, whether it proceed from the very genius of the soil, or influence of the stars, or that Almighty God hath not yet appointed the time of her reformation, or that He reserveth her in this unquiet state still for some secret scourge, which shall by her come unto England, it is hard to be known, but yet much to be feared."

To Mr. Fisher Unwin's "Story of the Nations" Series, has been added "Switzerland," by Mrs. Lucie Hug and Mr. Richard Stead. The narrative runs easily and pleasantly along, and both from the nature of its subject-matter and its treatment, the volume is one of the most interesting in the series to which it belongs. The collaborators are to be congratulated upon the ability with which they have performed their task.

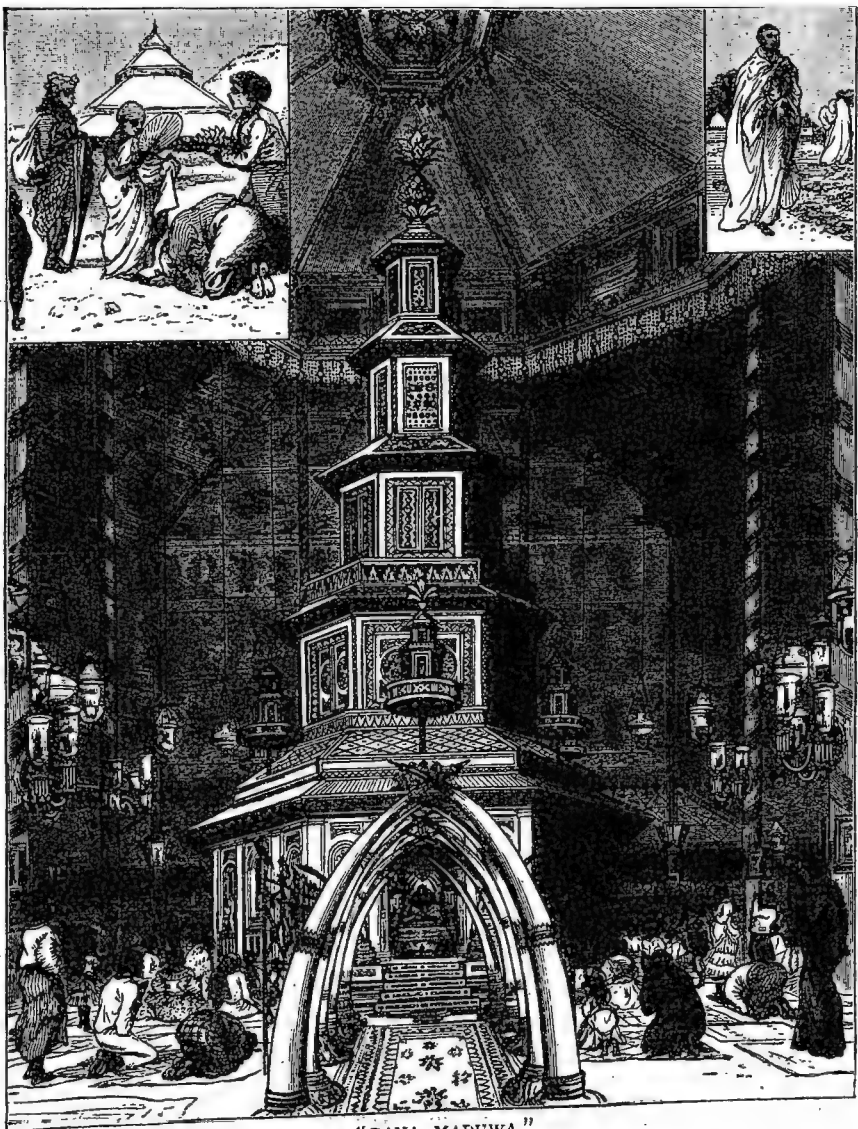
Englishmen who may have heard of but not read the great German pessimist philosopher will be grateful to Mr. T. Bailey Saunders for his "Counsels and Maxims" (Swan Sonnenschein). This is in fact a translation of the second part of Arthur Schopenhauer's "Aphorismen zur Lebensweisheit." The translator has done his part well, and English readers may appreciate for themselves the immense shrewdness which Schopenhauer brought to bear on much of the practice of life.

A "BANA MADUWA"

DURING the rainy season in Ceylon, when Buddhist priests are unable to go about from door to door begging for their daily food, temporary erections, such as that depicted in the sketch, are put up by pious Buddhist laymen in the vicinity of towns and villages, more or less embellished according to their means, with the double object of providing for the priests' daily wants in a central spot, and of enabling the people to have an opportunity of hearing Buddha's sacred precepts read, and thereby gaining merit to themselves and others. This reading is continued without a pause during many

WORSHIP OF A BUDDHIST PRIEST

COSTUME OF A BUDDHIST PRIEST



A "BANA MADUWA"
Or Temporary Hall, erected for the Reading of the Buddhist Sacred Books in Ceylon

days and nights by relays of priests, the relieving priests commencing to read (at two of the four doors of the pulpit, from talipot leaf-books, holding their fans before their faces) before their predecessors have left off reading.

The people confess to "take refuge" in Buddha, his priests, and his precepts, and worship is performed in the three postures of standing, kneeling, and prostration, reversing the order at the close of worship, when offerings are made before retiring. Men close of worship, when offerings are made before retiring, and women before hold their closed palms before their foreheads, and the worship of a their breasts. On the left upper corner is shown the worship of a priest, a newly admitted child of ten or twelve, with his attendant priest, a newly admitted child of ten or twelve, with his attendant priest, behind him; he receives the bowl of food in a begging bowl. These candidates are admitted at the close of the readings, when they have to recite certain stanzas, renounce their relatives and worldly possessions, bathe, shave their heads and eyebrows, and put on the yellow

robe; after which they are carried in procession around the town. The strictest sect of the priests cover both shoulders. The upper portion of the pulpit revolves on a pivot.—Our illustrations are from sketches taken from a "Bana Maduwa," erected in Pantura, sixteen miles south of Colombo, by Mr. J. L. K. Van Dort.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

MISS GERTRUDE HALL is the author of a pretty little volume of light and graceful lyrics which she entitles "Verses" (William Heinemann), price three and six. This lady has a pleasant poetical fancy which busies itself with the flowers, the birds, the sea, and all that is most fascinating in nature to the sympathetic mind, while here and there the shadows of sadder thought give that tinge of melancholy which, according to Shelley, is the frequent accompaniment of sweetest song. She describes her own subjects modestly enough thus:—

A space of sky where the eyes may find
No edge in the restful blue,
A single flower of some sweet kind,
A memory or two.
A hope or two, a wish or so,
A childish trust supreme,
In stars that sway our fates below,
And a May day's length to dream.

Miss Hall is not a poet of the first rank, nor do we suppose that she desires to claim such distinction. She knows, however, how to put very agreeably and musically what many charming young ladies think. Not a few of them will respond to the emotion rendered in the following lines:

Alas! in eyes once tender to discover
That no signs of the ancient love remain,
Once gladder for your smile's most fleeting favour,
No sadder now for your most perfect pain.
To hear lips, whilom in their faith unswerving,
Pronounce your name as it were not your name,
And look up, chilled, to note their careless curving,
And ask your soul if they can be the same.

Mr. D. H. Edwards, of Brechin, publishes "Poems," by Mr. Leslie Thain. The author is publishing his verses in a small series. The number before us is the second, and contains "To Muriel, Beatified." The poet's observations on his theme may, perhaps, afford a shrewd intimation of his quality. "The poem," he writes of, "To Muriel, Beatified," is mainly occupied in alluding to or inferring the worth of the lady to whose fragrant memory it is supposed to be inscribed. I have throughout briefly asserted her to be good and beautiful and accomplished. Her lofty rank is plainly hinted at. Only in a secondary manner is the grief of her princely lover treated of—chiefly, indeed, to form connecting links in the poem. The very name of the prince is unstated. It is not necessary that it should have been otherwise." Mr. Thain, as might be supposed from the passage quoted, would not have been satisfied without inculcating a moral. His afflicted lover eventually succumbs to the wasting effects of a great sorrow, and justifies the Author of his calamity, Whom at the commencement he had reproached. Thus the poet uses his gifts not merely to confer pleasure but for edification. We venture to quote two stanzas from Mr. Thain's work:—

Is it not true that love, by much affliction,
Grows perfect, and when hope on earth is past
Looks heavenward for the final contradiction
To the grim saying that it dies at last?
And studies deeper, ferventer, and blinder
The cause of its existence, and thus learns
To the rough world to gentler be and kinder,
Though from that world it to another turns.

By studying "ferventer and blinder" the cause of a phenomenon strange conclusions may be arrived at.

We have also received "An Hour with George Herbert, the Poet of Devotion" (Home Words Publishing Office). This volume is one of a series entitled "Leaves from the Old Divinity."—Messrs. Groombridge publish "The Days of Our Years: A Birthday Record, with Proverbs and Quaint Words of Wisdom for Every Day in the Year."—A similar volume is "The Sporting Birthday Book" (W. W. Gibbins). It is made up of quotations from verse by Major G. J. Whyte Melville, Mr. Egerton Warburton, Captain Clark Kennedy, Somerville, and so on, arranged and collected by Mr. A. E. Suddry.

MR. JAMES WELLS, of Bramshaw, in the New Forest, has just entered the 104th year of his age, having been born at Salisbury on the 3rd of August, 1787. He is in good health and retains his faculties, though his hearing and eyesight are failing. Until the last two years he was able to walk twice every Sunday upwards of a mile to his parish church.

ANOTHER SYMPTOM OF THE GREAT IMPROVEMENT in the social condition of Ireland is afforded by the intimation that there having been for a considerable period an absence of crime in county Kerry, formerly so fruitful of outrage, the office of the stipendiary magistrate in Tralee district, which has been in existence for several years, is about to be closed; and that there is in contemplation a further reduction of the extra police-force, which has also for years been maintained in the county.

AS THE RESULT OF THE SUCCESS of the Stuart and Tudor Exhibitions a Hanover Exhibition is to be held in London from January to April next year, the material for which must be greatly more ample than in the case of the other two. The exhibits will include portraits of the Royal Family, and of eminent natives of the United Kingdom in all departments, from the accession of George I. to the death of William IV. (1714-1837), with a number of miscellaneous objects of interest illustrating the period. The Queen has consented to be Patron, and the Prince of Wales Vice-Patron, of the Exhibition, of which the Marquis of Lothian will be President, and the Earl of Wharcliffe Vice-President. The General Committee, of more than one hundred members, among them being Lord Salisbury and the Duke of Fife, is very influential and representative.

ENGLISH CHEESE is improving in quality. This is the encouraging report which comes from those who have examined large quantities of this year's makes for trade purposes. The Cheddar quality of cheese is now made with great success in south-west Scotland from Ayr to Wigtown. The Buckinghamshire cheeses show good value, and some new ones from Aylesbury recently sold for 70s. per cwt., a price which makes the manufacture one of healthy profit.

ACCORDING TO THE LATEST CENSUS RETURNS there are 1,513,501 people in New York. This is not counting Brooklyn.



"LACEMAKING"

FROM THE PICTURE BY WM. H. WEATHERHEAD, R.I., EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTE



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

Magdalen fell back in her chair, and raised her hands in amazement.

"URITH: A TALE OF DARTMOOR"

By S. BARING GOULD, M.A.,

AUTHOR OF "MEHALAH," "JOHN HERRING," "COURT ROYAL," &C.

CHAPTER XXVI. ON THE TERRACE

MONTHS had passed. On the 6th of February, 1685, died Charles II., and James, Duke of York, succeeded to the throne. At once, through England, the story was spread that Charles had been poisoned by the Jesuits to secure the succession for James, and forestall the purpose of the King to declare the legitimacy of his son, the Duke of Monmouth. So great was the suspicion entertained against James, that this slander was very widely believed, and alarm and resentment grew in the hearts of the people. On the very first Sunday after his father's death James went in solemn State to Mass, and at his Coronation refused to receive the Sacrament at the hands of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

When the crown was set on his head it slipped, and nigh fell on the floor; and this little incident was whispered, then bruited, through England, and was regarded as a token from Heaven that he was not the rightful Sovereign, but an usurper.

Then came the punishment of that scoundrel, Titus Oates, richly deserved; but Oates was a popular favourite, and his chastisement raised him to the pedestal of a Protestant martyr.

It was well known that James aimed at the repeal of the Habeas Corpus Act, and at the toleration—even promotion—of Popery, and the country was in fevered agitation and brooding anger at what was menaced.

There had been catching weather, a few days of bright sunshine, and then thunder-showers. Then the sky had cleared, the wind was well up to the north, and, though the sun was hot, the air was fresh. It was scented, everywhere except on the moor, with the fragrance of hay.

Julian Crymes was out of doors enjoying the balmy air and the sloping, golden rays of the evening sun. She had some embroidery in her hands; but she worked little at it. Her eyes looked away dreamily at the distant moor, and specially at a little grey patch of sycamores, that seemed—so remote were they—against the silvery moor to be a cloud-shadow. Behind that grey tuft rose Ger Tor, strewn with granite boulders; and on one side opened the blue cleft of the Tavy, where it had sawn for itself a way from the moorland into the low country. The dark eyes of the girl were full of spilling—so full that, had she tried to continue her needlework, she would have been unable to see how to make her stitches.

Her breath came short and quick, for she was suffering real pain—that gnawing ache which in its initiation is mental, but which becomes sensibly physical.

come that evening of the fair to Kilworthy, her heart had bounded: her head had been giddy with pleasure at seeing him again—above all, at seeing him without his wife. Towards Urith she felt implacable, corroding hatred. That girl—with no merit that she could see, only a gloomy beauty—a beauty as savage as the moors on the brink of which she lived, and on which Anthony had found her—that girl had shaken to pieces at a touch her cloud castle of happiness and dissolved it into a rain of salt disappointment.

Anthony was taken from her, taken from her for ever, and her own hopes laid in the dust. Julian had battled with her turbulent heart; her conscience had warned her to forget Anthony, and at times she really felt as if she had conquered her passion. No sooner, however, did she see Anthony again, than it woke up in full strength; and whenever she saw Urith, her jealous rage shook itself, and sharpened its claws.

Her father was away in London, and on the seat beside her lay a letter she had that day received from him. He had written full of uneasiness at the political and religious situation. Recently the Earl of Bath had been down in the West of England with new charters to towns in Devon and Cornwall, constituting new electoral bodies, or altering the former bodies, and a hurried election had ensued, in which great pressure had been used to obtain the return of the Court party, of Catholics, and Tories, by intimidation on the one side and by bribery on the other. Mr. Crymes, however, supported by the authority of the Earl of Bedford, had been returned for Tavistock in the Protestant interest, and he was now in London, sitting in the first Parliament summoned by James II.

Titus Oates, whom the Protestants, or at all events the more ignorant and prejudiced among them, believed in as a faithful witness, had been whipped from Aldgate to Newgate one day, and two days after, again from Newgate to Tyburn, for having revealed the Popish Plot, which was declared to be a fabrication of his own imagination. He and Dangerfield, another of these witnesses, had been pilloried. The King meditated the repeal of the Habeas Corpus and the forcible introduction of the Roman Catholic religion. It was rumoured that there was a rising in Scotland, headed by the Duke of Argyll; there was great uneasiness in London, and a disturbance of spirits throughout the country. Though the Members of Parliament had been elected in a questionable manner, so as to bring together an undue preponderance of creatures of the Court, yet it had not proved itself as submissive as the King expected. The letter concluded with the words:—"How this will all end, God knows. For myself, I doubt whether there will not be great troubles again even as there were in the times of His Sacred Majesty King Charles I. For mine own part, I would resist even unto blood, rather than see our religion

set at naught, and our liberties trampled under foot by Jesuits ; and my daily prayer is that the Lord will avert such things from us, and yet with such extravagance and determination do things appear to be pressed forward with this end, that I have not hope myself of a peaceable issue."

Had Mr. Crymes been then beside his daughter, he might have supposed that the sad political outlook had disturbed her mind, and had brought the tears to her eyes and the flush to her cheeks; but she had read his letter with indifference. His gloomy forecasts had hardly affected her at all, for her heart was filled with its own peculiar bitterness.

What prospect of happiness opened before her? She cared for no one; she could care for no one after having given up her heart to Anthony. From childhood she had looked up to him as her allotted husband—she had grown up with a daily-increasing devotion to him. His good looks, his frankness had helped to make of him an idol before whom she bowed down and worshipped. He was swept out of the horizon of her ambition, and it had left that prospect utterly blank and colourless. She had valued her fortune, her home, only as means of enriching Anthony, and giving him a worthy position in the county. Her fortune was now wholly without value to her. She would have been contented to be a beggar with him, if she could have possessed him wholly as her own.

Suddenly she started, and lost her colour; she saw Anthony coming up the drive to the house. He also saw her on the terrace, in her white gown under the yew-trees, and he waved his hat to her. She beckoned to him; she could not help herself. She knew that it would have been right for her to fly up the steps and hide in the walled garden which occupied the slope of the hill above the terraces, but she was powerless to move—to withhold her hand from signing to him to draw near.

He obeyed at once, and came up the steps to the first terrace with a shouted salutation.

How handsome he was! What dark, sparkling eyes! What wavy long hair, that fell over his brow and cheeks as he took off his broad-brimmed hat, so that he was forced to put his hands to his face and brush the thick curly locks back.

Julian did not rise; she sat on her bench as though frozen, and her blood stood still in her arteries. She looked at him with eyes large and trembling between the lashes. Then he came striding towards her, with his hearty salutation, and at once all the blood that had been arrested in her veins, as Jordan when the Ark stood in its course, rushed back in pent-up, burning floods, and so blinded and stunned her that for a moment or two she could neither see nor speak.

After a few moments, during which he stood respectfully by her,

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hat in hand, she looked up into his eyes, and asked why he had come.

He was warm with walking, and the drops stood on his brow, and he had a heightened glow in his face. He was handsomer than ever, she exclaimed inwardly, and then thought, "Oh! if he had been mine! been mine! as he ought to have been—as he would have been but for—". Then she checked herself, assumed a coolness she did not feel, and asked, "Has anything else brought you here than the desire to give us honest pleasure at seeing again an old friend?"

"Indeed, Julian," answered Anthony, "I have come on more self-seeking purposes. We are behind with our hay at Willsworthy. The place lies so high, and is so bleak, that we are a fortnight behind you here; and then the weather has played us tricks, so that none has as yet been saved. I want additional help; there are none save our two men and myself. Solomon Gibbs counts naught, and I cannot ask help from Hall, as you well know. I do not desire to ask a favour elsewhere, and so I have come here to see Fox, and ask his help."

"Fox is away—I believe he is at Hall. But I can answer your question, and grant your petition, which I do with a ready heart. How many men do you want? I will send all you desire—I will come myself and help toss the hay—No," she checked herself, as the thought of Urith rose within, "no, I will not go near Willsworthy myself, but I will send the workmen."

"I thank you," answered Anthony. "We do not grow rich shears of hay as you do here; but what does grow is said to be sweet. I hope it may be so, for it is not overmuch."

There was a tone of disparagement in reference to Willsworthy that struck Julian.

"I have heard Fox comment on the place," she said, "and he thinks well of it."

"A thing may look well at a distance, that won't bear looking into close at hand," said Anthony.

She looked at him, and his eyes fell. He had not meant more than he had said, but when she thus glanced up with a query in her eyes, he thought that perhaps his words might apply to other things than grass fields and tumbledown farm buildings.

Julian took up the letter from the seat by her, and passed her hand lightly over the seat as a sign to him take it.

He did so, without more ado. He was heated and tired with his walk.

Then Julian resumed her embroidery, and bowed her head over it. She waited for him to start some topic of conversation. But he was silent. He who had formerly been full of talk and mirth, had become reserved and grave.

After a long and painful silence, Julian asked in a low voice, "What is Urith about?"

"I beg your pardon?" asked Anthony, roused out of a reverie. "Urith—what about Urith?"

"I asked what she was about."

"I cannot tell. Nothing in particular, I suppose."

The same tone as that in which he had spoken about Willsworthy.

"Your marriage does not seem to have improved your spirits. I miss your olden gaiety."

"I have enough to take that out of me. There is my father's continued ill-humour. What think you of that, Julian? Is there any immediate prospect of his coming to a better mind?"

"My brother could answer this question better than I, for I have no occasion or opportunity for speaking with your father, whereas Fox is over at Hall twice or thrice in the week."

"What makes him go there?"

"There you ask me what once more I cannot answer. But let us say he goes in your interest. He is your friend."

"About the only friend I have left," said Anthony, with bitterness.

"Fox is not the man I would choose if I had the selection," said Julian. "I should know him better than most, as he is my brother—that is to say, my half-brother. I thank God—only my half-brother. Take heed to yourself, Anthony, that he does not play you a scurvy trick."

"What can he do?"

"You are generous and forgiving. Fox is neither. He has not forgiven you that blow with the glove that injured his eye."

"You wrong him, Julian."

"All I can say to you is—do not trust him. I never—never trust him. If he says one thing he means the contrary. Did he tell you that he went to Hall with the end of persuading your father to forgive you?"

"He did not even mention to me that he saw my father often."

"Well," said Julian, drawing a long breath, "whilst we are together, which is not often now, not as it was, let us talk of matters more pleasant than the habits and ways of action of Fox."

"What shall we talk about?"

"There!" said Julian, putting her father's letter into his hand, "Read that. If you cannot find a topic, I must help you to one."

Anthony read the letter with an elbow on each knee and his legs wide apart, so that his head was bent low. As he read, Julian's eyes were on him. Involuntarily a sigh escaped her bosom. If he thought of it at all he attributed it to sympathy with her father's anxiety; had he looked up and seen her face he would have been undeceived. It was well for him that he did not.

The letter interested him greatly. Like the bulk of the young men of the West, he was keenly alive to the political situation, and was a hot partisan. The gathering together of the men in taverns led to eager discussion of politics; the orderly Government of the Protector, and the extravagance and exactions of the restored Royalty, had aroused comparison. Under Old Noll the name of England had been respected abroad, and the English people could not forget and forgive the humiliation of the Dutch Fleet in the Medway and the burning of Chatham. Those who had no love for Puritanism were, nevertheless, ardent supporters of Liberty, and firmly resolved that their country should not be brought under Roman Catholic despotism. The ill-treatment of the Waldenses had roused great feeling in England, collections for them had been made in every parish church, the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes was not forgotten, the exiled Protestants filled all England with the tale of the cruelties and oppression to which they had been subjected, and had helped to deepen to a dogged determination in men's hearts the resolve never to suffer the Roman religion to obtain the mastery again in the land.

Anthony's brow darkened and his lips tightened as he read. When he had finished the letter he started to his feet, planted his hat on his head, and exclaimed,

"My God! I wish it would come to blows, and that I could carry a pike."

"Pshaw!" said Julian; "what excitable creatures you men are concerning matters that move us not a whit. I have forgotten what my father wrote about. Against whom would you trail a pike? With whom come to blows?"

Anthony did not answer, for it was not easy to reply to these questions. He would fight for liberty and religion. But against whom? He dare not breathe even to himself the thought that it would be against his King.

"And, pray, why come to blows?"

"If you had read your father's letter with attention, you would know. For my part, I should hail war, if there were a chance of it, that I might have some occupation for my hands."

"You have the hay," said Julian, ironically.

"I want space to move, air to breathe. I am cramped. I—I again, and threw himself into the seat by Julian.

"How would Urith relish you taking the pike for any cause?"

Anthony did not answer. He was looking sullenly, musingly before him. He had found out what troubled him—what took the brightness out of his life. The circle in which he moved, in which his energies were expended, was too cramped. To make hay! Was that a fitting work to occupy his mind and powers of body? His world—was that to be the little two-hundred-acre estate of Willsworthy?

"You have not been married above two months, and you are already sighing with impatience to be away in a battle-field—anywhere but at home, poor Anthony!" Her face was turned from him that he might not see how her cheeks flamed.

He said nothing. He did not even bid her a good-bye; but he rose, resumed his hat, and walked away, with his head down, absorbed in his thoughts.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MATRIMONIAL PLANS

SQUIRE CLEVERDON did not often visit his sister. She was vastly proud when he did. What she would have liked would have been for him to drive up to her door in a coach and four, the driver cracking his whip on the box; but Squire Cleverdon did not keep a coach. Why should he? He had no womankind to consider in his household. Of the fair and inferior sex there was but Bessie, and Bessie never counted in old Anthony Cleverdon's calculations. Had his wife lived, he probably would have had his coach, like other gentlemen, not to please and accommodate her, but out of ostentation. But as his wife had departed to another world, and Bessie was too inconsiderable a person to be reckoned, he was glad to be able to spare his purse the cost of a coach, which he could hardly have purchased under a hundred pounds. As Magdalen could not see her brother drive up in a coach, she was forced to be satisfied to see him come as he would, on horseback, followed by two serving-men in his livery, and to be content that her neighbours should observe that the Cleverdons maintained so much state as to have men in livery to attend on the head of the house.

She was much surprised one day to see him come on foot without attendants. He was not a man to show his thoughts in his face, which was hard and wooden, but his eyes expressed his feelings when the rest of his face was under control—that is, when he did not screw down the lids and conceal them.

Accordingly Magdalen could not gather from her brother's countenance the purport of his visit, though she scrutinised it curiously.

He seated himself in one of her chairs, near the table, and laid his stick across his knees; Magdalen waited with the deference she usually paid him till he began the conversation; but he also, with unwonted hesitation, deferred his communication to allow her to open the ball.

The silence became irksome to her, and she was the first to interrupt it, and then with the remark that she was surprised to see him arrive alone, and on foot.

"One does not require to have all the town know I am here, and know how many minutes I remain," said he, rudely, in reply.

Then again silence fell on both.

After another painful pause, Magdalen began: "Really, brother, I should like to know for what reason you have come to do me the honour, and afford me the pleasure of your company. The white witch has a crystal into which he looks, and in which he reads what he desires to know; but you veil your eyes, and I cannot discover, or attempt to discover, thence what your purport might be in coming hither."

Old Cleverdon fidgeted in his chair, dropped his stick, picked it up again, and blurted forth: "I suppose you get that disobedient son of mine tumbling in here every few days."

"Indeed, I do not, brother. Do you suppose that I countenance such rebellious conduct?"

"I did not know. I considered, as he might not show his face in Hall, that he came here for news about the place and me."

"I do not deny that I have seen him; but only rarely. He never did affect my company greatly, and I cannot say that he visits me more frequently since his marriage than he did before."

"I am glad to hear it. How is he getting on in his pigstye?"

"I have not been there to see. He and she are content with it for a while, and make no doubt that in the end you will forgive them, and be the best of fathers."

"Do they?" exclaimed the Squire, with a harsh laugh and a flame on his cheek. "Do they think that I have a head of dough, to be moulded into what shape they list?" He struck the table with his stick, so as to startle his sister and make her jump in her chair.

"Good heavens, brother! How excitable you are," said Magdalen; "and I dare be bound you do not know that Mistress Penwarne is taken into the Rectory at Peter Tavy, as housekeeper to your most dutiful and respectful nephew Luke—an ancient harridan who, having set her daughter against you, now does her utmost to make wildfire between your son and you."

"What wildfire burns atwixt us is of his own kindling," said Squire Cleverdon. "And does she reckon on setting herself in my armchair, and ruling in my house, indeed! My son I might forgive had he married any other, but not for having taken Urith."

"One beggarly marriage is enough in the family," said Magdalen. The expression had slipped her tongue without consideration. She saw at once, by the twitching of her brother's muscles, that she had stung and enraged him. She hastened to amend her error by saying, "Yes, you were drawn in by their designing ways. You had not then the knowledge of the world that you now have. Having been entangled by unscrupulous and poor wretches yourself, you would not have your son fall a prey to the like—but he would sow his wild oats, and now must reap his crop."

"Yes," said old Anthony, "he must reap his crop, which will not grow one of oats, but of thistles and nettles. 'Tis a cruel shame that Kilworthy should go from the family."

"It has never been in it."

"That is true—never in actual possession, but so long in prospect as to almost constitute a claim."

"But gone it is. Gone past the possibility of your getting it."

"I am not so confident of that as you seem to be," said Old Cleverdon, snappishly. "In faith, sister Magdalen, you appear joined to Hall?"

"None that I can see. If Fox took Bessie to wife, he could not bring Kilworthy with him, for that goes with Julian."

"Exactly. It goes with Julian; but who will take her?"

"You have no second son."

"No, I have not."

"Surely you do not dream of making Luke your heir, and marrying him to Julian Crymes?"

"Luke!—who defied me by marrying Anthony to that hussy?"

"I thought not, brother, but—as the Lord is my helper—I see no other way of compassing it."

"It has never lightened on your mind that I might take a second wife."

"You!"—Magdalen fell back in her chair, and raised her hands in amazement. "You, brother Anthony! You."

"Even so," he answered, grimly. "I am not young, but I am lusty; I am a man of substance, and I reckon that Mistress Julian is not so besotted as was my son. She, I presume, has had a desire like to mine, that the two estates should be united, so as to make a large domain, and as she cannot effect this by marrying an unripe fool, she can gain the same end by taking me, a wise and mellow man of the world. The end is the same. The two properties are united, and Julian Crymes has ever struck me as having a clear and healthy mind. So—I doubt not—she will be as content to have me as that Merry Andrew and Jack o' the Green, who has thrown himself away at Willsworthy."

Magdalen's astonishment held her speechless for some time, at last, seeing that her brother was offended at the astonishment she exhibited, she said, "But, brother! Has she given you any hopes?"

"She has not. I have not approached her on the subject, but I thought that you, as a woman, might sound her. Yet, I am not without my reasons for believing that my suit would be accepted—though not immediately. Fox Crymes has given me reason to hope."

"Fox!—But what?"

"If you will have patience, Magdalen, and will allow me to conclude what I was saying, your mind will be more enlightened, and you will cease to express so unbecoming, such indecorous, and you gross incredulity. You forget my position and my wealth. I am, indeed, a Member of Parliament, as is my friend Crymes, but I might have been had my views been more favourable to the Catholic party. I have seen a good deal of Master Anthony Crymes, my godson, of late; he has been to Hall several times in the week, and then I threw out—in an uncertain way, and as if in sport—the notion that, as Anthony had proved false, and had disappointed Julian of her ambition to have the two estates united, that I would consider about it, and might persuade myself to accommodate her views by stepping into the position thrown up by my son."

"And what did he say?"

"He did not open his mouth and eyes into a stare unbecoming to the face, and impertinent to me. He accepted the proposition cordially. He saw nothing strange, preposterous, ridiculous in it. I should like to see," said the squire, working himself up into a white heat, "I should like to see any one, you, sister Magdalen, excepted, who would dare to find anything strange, preposterous, ridiculous in me, or in any proposition that I make."

"I tender ten thousand excuses," said Magdalen, humbly. "But brother, you entirely misunderstand me. If I gaped—"

"You did gape."

"I know I gaped and stared. I admit I opened my eyes wide."

It was with astonishment at your genius, at the clever and unexpected way in which you overcame a great difficulty, and rallied after a great disappointment."

"Oh! It was that, was it?" asked the Squire, relaxing some of his severity and cooling.

"On my word as a gentlewoman, I never employed those words you attribute to me. Indeed I did not. The only expletives becoming are of a very different quality. So Fox agreed to the proposal?"

"Most heartily and warmly."

"But, brother, I misdoubt me if Fox has much influence with his sister. They are ever spitting and clawing at each other, and it hath appeared to me—and yet I may be wrong—that whatsoever the one suggests the other rejects; they make a point of conscience of differing from each other."

"All that," said the squire, "all that have I foreseen, and I have provided against it. The proposal shall not be covertly favoured by Fox. He shall, indeed, appear to set his face against it, but we shall make Bessie our means of breaking the ice, and drawing us together. I have some notion of letting Fox become Bessie's suitor—now, when he is accepted, and has—"

"But—brother!"

"What in the name of the seven stars do you mean by your buts thrown in whenever I speak? It is indecorous, it is insulting, Magdalen."

"I meant no harm, brother—all I ask is, has Bessie given her consent?"

"Bessie is not Anthony. What her father chooses, that she is ready to submit to. I have always insisted on her obedience in all things, and without questioning, to my will, and I have no reason to suppose that in this matter she will go against my interests."

"But—brother!"

Master Cleverdon impatiently struck the table. "Did I not tell you, sister Magdalen, that your buts were an offence to me? Will you join with Anthony in resistance and rebellion against me—the head of the house? I have not come here, pray understand, to discuss this matter with you, as though it needed to be considered and determined upon conjointly between us, but to tell you what I have decided upon, and to require you, as you value my regard, and look for any advantages to be gotten from your connection with Hall, to support me, and to exercise all your influence for me, and not against me."

"You cannot suppose for one moment, brother, that I would do anything against you."

"I cannot say. Since Anthony revolted I have lost all confidence in every one. But I have no time to squander. Understand me. Persuade Bessie, should she show tokens of disobedience—which is catching as the plague—a dislike to submit herself in all things to my wishes, then you may hold up Anthony as a warning to her, and let her understand that as I have dealt by him, I will deal by her if she resists me. Now you will see what is my intention. When Bessie is married to Anthony Crymes, they will live with me, for Anthony and Julian will be much forward to back-ward between the two houses, as Bessie is her best of friends, and thus she will come to see much of me and of Hall, and will be the more ready insensibly, so to speak, to slide into my arms, and into the union of the two estates. Not that I suppose at present she has any objection to me, but, as Fox says, she will require some justification before the world for taking the father after having been rejected by the son. If she is often over at Hall, why—ad wonder will cease, and it will come about with the smoothness of an oiled wheel."

"I suppose so, brother—but—"

The Squire started up with an oath. "I shall regard you as an opponent," he said, "with your eternal objections. Consider what I have said, act on it, and so alone will you maintain your place in my regard."

Then he left the house, grumbling, and slammed the door behind him, to impress on his sister how ill-pleased he was with her conduct. Time had not filled the cleft between Anthony and his father; and Fox Crymes had done his best to prevent its being filled or bridged over; for he now saw a good deal of the old Squire Cleverdon, and he took opportunity to drop a corrosive remark occasionally into the open and rankling wound, so as to inflame and anger it. Now it was a reported speech of Anthony showing how he calculated on his father's forgiveness, or a statement of what he would do to the house, or with the trees, when his father died and he succeeded to Hall, or else Fox told of some slighting remark on the leggy of everything at Willsworthy, made by a villager, or imagined for the occasion by himself.

The old man, without suspecting it, was being turned about the finger of the cunning young Crymes, who had made up his mind to

obtain the hand of Elizabeth, and with it Hall. So could he satisfy his own ambition, and best revenge himself on Anthony and Urith.

The wit and malice of Fox acted as a grinding-stone on which the anger of the Squire was being constantly whetted, as if it had not at the first been sharp enough.

The old man could not endure the idea of his property ever falling to the daughter of Richard Malvine—of Malvine blood ever reigning within the walls of his mansion.

He had not yet altered his will, and he could not resolve how to do this. He did not desire to constitute Bessie his heiress. He could not reconcile himself to the thought of Hall passing out of the direct line, of another than a Cleverdon owning the estate where his ancestors had sat for centuries, and which he had made into his own freehold. All the disgust he had felt when Elizabeth was born, and he found himself father of a daughter as his firstborn, woke up again, and he could not bring himself to constitute her his heiress. Yet, on the other hand, it was equally, if not more, against his will that it should pass to his revolted son and the daughter of his mortal enemy. As he was thus tossing between two odious alternatives, the idea of marrying Julian himself lightened on his mind, and he seized it with desperate avidity; yet not without a doubt he refused to give utterance to, or permit in another. In a vague manner he hoped that the union of Fox and Bessie might pave the way to his own marriage with Julian.

(To be continued)



THE SEASON.—From the 1st to the 17th of September the weather was exceedingly fine, and the heat was greater than at any period of July or August. Not that the mid-day heat rose as high as on the 4th and 5th of August, but the temperature of the twenty-four hours was higher, being frequently 73 deg. or 74 deg. while the sun was above the horizon, and from 60 deg. to 62 deg. at night. About six o'clock on the 17th a thunderstorm with vivid lightning broke over Hastings and Eastbourne, and was general along the Southern coast. During the night and early morning of the 18th rain fell nearly all over England, though a few central stations like Oxford and Cambridge escaped the downpour recorded equally from east, west, north, and south. The weather conditions became very threatening on the 19th, and the official prophecies pointed to a fortnight of a decidedly wet and stormy character. This prediction has not been entirely verified, but squalls and even gales have been recorded at a number of stations, and on Saturday last the wind in London was very exceptionally high, though the air was pleasant, and part of the day bright and sunny. The rainfall was needed to soften the ground for autumn sowings, and also for lifting the root-crops; springs, too, were getting low. The rain and wind combined have brought down the leaves in showers, but the grass, which has never really flagged all this season, is now looking beautifully green. Autumn flowering shrubs such as chrysanthemums have been greatly helped by the showers.

PHEASANTS AND CHICKENS.—"A friend of mine," writes the veteran Mr. W. B. Tegetmeier, "last season shut up a clutch of young pheasants, hatched by their own parents in the open, in a large grass enclosure surrounded by wirework. The birds did well, grew to full size, and were killed for the table, but, though fat and plump, they had so little flavour of pheasant that the experiment proved completely unsuccessful. As bearing upon this not entirely surprising result, those who rear fowls for flavour should bear in mind that in a state of nature fowls inhabit not open pasture-land, but margins of forests and coverts, where insects, seeds, and varied herbage abounds; and it will be found that fowls which are reared in such situations, especially if they are allowed to roost in the trees, will be much finer in flavour than such as have a range of pasture-land without cover."

THE FUCHSIA.—We are glad to see a leading authority on horticulture speaking a word for the fuchsia, which twenty years ago was in every conservatory, but to-day is seldom seen, except in the warmer southern counties, where it flourishes in the open air. The fuchsia, however, is very beautiful and very easy to grow, though gardeners will often assure their patrons to the contrary. The double fuchsia is a failure, and should be avoided. A very hardy single fuchsia is *F. Riccartoni*, which will flourish even in Scotland. The Chilean fuchsia, *F. Coccinea*, is also noteworthy. Its leaves have a reddish tinge, and the flower is crimson. It is semihardy, and grows quite six feet high.

LINCOLNSHIRE FARMERS speak well of the new barley, which weighs well, and is often very good in colour. Thanks to the lovely weather from August 27th to September 16th there is much less stained grain than had been expected. The finest samples make 44s., and the average is about 34s. per qr. In the Fens the yield of wheat is considered above an average, 6 qrs. per acre being by no means uncommon, and few well-farmed fields falling below 4 qrs. of 504 lbs. Millers say that better grain and sounder wheat has not been seen for years, and they reckon this year's wheat 3s. better than last year's on milling quality alone. In the large majority of cases the corn is strong enough to dispense with foreign admixtures. Oats right away down from Lincoln to Cambridge are a magnificent crop, with a yield of 8 to 12 qrs. per acre in the best parts, and of 6 to 7 qrs. per acre off quite ordinary land. The price which is quoted is only 17s. per qr., but the return per acre averages about 6l., at which rate they will pay their way.

NEW OATS made their appearance at the markets of the Lake District on September 4th, and by the 20th were common. This part of the country is very Scotch in its taste for oatmeal, and most of the new corn has been sold for grinding into meal. When so converted it proves very satisfactory both in bulk and quality, and the wet season of July and August has not prevented the grain acquiring good nutritive character.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.—We noticed a peacock butterfly on the wing at St. Leonard's last week, and rarer specimens of the same tribe (*Vanessa*) have been reported; as the Camberwell Beauty in Worcestershire and the large tortoiseshell in Kent.—The swifts left the neighbourhood of London on September 1st, despite the fine weather. An old resident at Chiswick informs us that the appearance of these birds in the reach between Hammersmith and Barnes is a sure sign of rough weather.—That beautiful bird the

goldfinch is said to be getting scarce, and to have disappeared from Guernsey altogether.—The ruddy sheldrake was shot last week near Harting, in Sussex.—A ten-inch trout has been caught in the Medway, to the great exhilaration of the anglers between Tonbridge and Penshurst.—A specimen of *Ovis Poli*, or Aryan Ram, is now to be seen at 160, Piccadilly. It belongs to the young Duke of Orleans, and is the first ever seen in England. The name is not connected with the Pole, although the creature lives on the snow hills of Central Asia. The title is derived from Marco Polo, the famous traveller, who discovered this grandest of sheep.—A badger has been killed near Manchester. The poor creature beat off the dogs, but was eventually shot. Badgers are now so scarce that they ought to be preserved like other rarities.—The sparrow finds an apologist in the *Farmer* of September 15th, but after very carefully reading the evidence supplied by leading naturalists, we fear that the verdict must be against Lesbia's little pet.

THE LAST OF THE CANTINIÈRES

FRANCE is repining over the loss of a picturesque figure in her Army. The fiat has forth that the Cantinière is to be deprived of her distinguishing dress, which is tantamount to saying that she is to cease to exist. For what will she be without the short skirt, the long red trousers, the hat, cocked knowingly on one side, and the little barrel, decorated with its tricolour scarf, from which she delivers refreshment to her beloved "enfants?" In a plain black dress she may still be a motherly soul, but she will no longer seem to be an integral part of the regiment, and will indeed no longer parade with it. The Cantinières, by the way, are not quite identical with the Vivandières, out of whom romantic novelists have made so much capital. There is little in common between the vivacious Cigarette of Ouida's "Under Two Flags," and the plain but pleasing person of our picture. Madame Vialar, the original of our portrait, is a Lorrainer by birth, and is well past fifty. She is a widow, and has seen much service. When only twenty-two years of age she accompanied her regiment, the 131st, to the Crimea, and by her intrepidity under fire earned the admiration of



MADAME VIALAR, THE LAST OF THE FRENCH CANTINIÈRES

both officers and men. "Indefatigable in her devotion"—so ran the address presented to the French Government on her behalf—"this brave woman was constantly in the trenches when duty called the regiment thither, succouring the wounded under the enemy's fire, or lavishing her care on them, whether on the field of Maslak, or during the Yenikale and Baidar Expeditions, or during the siege of Sebastopol." During the Franco-German War she earned fresh laurels, and as the result she was decorated with the military medal, which now hangs on her breast next to the Crimean Medal, which she had already received.

MISS EDNA LYALL is so much better that she hopes to be at work again early in the winter. She has been staying on the border of Dartmoor, where the bracing air has aided her convalescence.

THE FAMOUS ALHAMBRA AT GRANADA has happily suffered less from the recent fire than was at first believed. The Sala de la Barca and the Arrayanez Gallery, which were the only portions burnt, can be restored, especially as some parts of the fine ceiling of the former Court escaped, and will thus serve as a model. However, the losses caused by the disaster are estimated at from 10,000*l.* to 14,000*l.*, while fifteen persons were injured. It is generally believed that the fire resulted from incendiarism, planned to account for the loss of a quantity of artistic treasures which had been stolen from the Palace some days before. A Royal Commissioner is now inquiring into the matter, and deciding on the restoration, Queen Christina being anxious that the repairs should begin at once.



THERE is a good deal of fresh interest about "Two English Girls," by Mabel Hart (2 vols. : Hurst and Blackett), which, if it be its author's first work of fiction, must be regarded as of exceptional promise. The interest attaches chiefly to the characters themselves and to their surroundings, rather than to their story; a remark which is by no means meant to imply that the story is wanting in interest—quite the contrary. It is a romance of studio-life in Florence, very simply and pleasantly written, and well constructed for developing the peculiar weaknesses of the young painter Guido Guidotti, whose genius, supple conscience, and talent for persuading himself of the justice of whatever is pleasant or profitable to himself at the moment, belong to the nature of which George Eliot gave the type, once for all, in Tito Melema. Mabel Hart has furnished him with an admirable contrast in Ugo Vivaldi; and another well-contrasted pair, as skillfully but more slightly sketched, will be found in Beatrice and Evelyn, the two charming English girls who give the novel its title. But the most striking character on the whole is old Andrea Vivaldi, if only by reason of his pathetic distraction at the dishonourable weakness, which he takes for deliberate perfidy, of Guido, to whom he had been more than a father. On the whole, however, the chief merit of the novel consists in its descriptions of artist-life in Florence and Rome, which is not the less life-like for being somewhat idealised.

Mrs. Compton Reade's "Monsignor" (1 vol.: J. W. Arrow-smith) is the story of a fascinating priest, who exercises over all the young who come within his circle an unwholesome sort of influence which excites the jealousy of their male acquaintances. When we say "unwholesome," we mean nothing beyond what is perfectly proper. Monsignor is merely a lady-killer out of vanity, and his victims come to no harm : indeed his ill luck in receiving the contents of a bottle of vitriol in his face seems rather hard measure for so very futile a personage. Great things are expected of him at the beginning ; he promises to be a priest of that delightful order whose rule was drawn up by the novelists of old—a being of mystery which not even his author ever attempted to fathom, and of unscrupulous ambition in the pursuit of what nobody ever knew. He was always interesting ; and we are disappointed that Monsignor is a sad falling away from the type to which he nevertheless, in his mild manner, belongs. The circle of his influence is certainly exceptional, comprising at least one deposed monarch, and a number of ladies and gentlemen with foreign titles, who more or less pull the wires of Continental politics from some district, difficult of identification, but ostensibly in England, called Southumberland. It will have been seen that the strong point of the novel is not its realism.

The Hon. Albert S. G. Canning's "Heir and No Heir" (1 vol.: Eden, Remington, and Co.) is a combined study of Ireland in '08, of the Frenchman of Leice. ter Squire, and of the Italian of melodrama. The chronology, though explicitly laid down, is none the less hazy in many particulars: the characters, for example, seem to be well up in a law of divorce which did not come into operation till nearly sixty years later. But this is the less remarkable inasmuch as one of them is expressly stated to have anticipated a passage in "The Bride of Lammermoor." The foreigners, with their cloaks, slouched hats, and their devotion to "amore e vendetta" are distinctly of a period of "once upon a time," while the Irishmen are conventional. The best feature of the volume is the manner in which it brings out a difficulty that must have exercised many minds in Ireland with regard to France—how to reconcile the idea of an atheistic Republic with that of the national deliverer of a deeply Catholic people from Protestant ascendancy. We think that Mr. Canning would have dealt with this unwritten chapter of history better in the form of an essay than in that of fiction.

"Even as all birds and beasts and flowers do require at certain seasons to cease their labour and bide idle, so, sisters mine, have I oft reminded ye that higher nature must also do so ; thus, now leave for some while leastways, your several works, and draw round the old hearth, and we will ask our guest what strange chances have befallen him to bring him hitherward. Lady mother, shall I bear thy chair close up for to make our group entire ? " This is a specimen of the ordinary talk in " Concealed for Thirty Years : being the Narrative of One Edward Grey " (1 vol. : Remington and Co.). Here is a specimen when it rises to passion — " Shadowed ! shadowed ! — but not by him. He be your friend ; he loveth your nation ; he will save it if he can ; he will die for it ; but, alas ! not long hence shall it be said, ' The blue sea around hath changed its colour, the land hath passed from fairness, in that the sacred ancient be forgotten, and a billowed new be rising. ' Woe ! Woe ! " The

novel is an account of an imaginary island colonised in 1642 by some English adventurers who, in the course of some two centuries, during which they had held no communication with the outer world, had developed this singular fashion of speaking. It is written throughout at full strain and stress; and we must for once plead guilty to noticing a novel without having been able to read it through. There are such things as impossibilities, even for reviewers.

"The Troubles of Monsieur Bourgeois," by George Frost (Eden, Remington, and Co.), is a series of thirty-four sketches written in what is meant for a Frenchman's spoken English. It reads as if each chapter had been composed for the benefit of persons whose forte is to imitate Frenchmen and whose foible is to display their accomplishment at penny readings. Granting the conditions of an easily pleased and sympathetic audience, with an exceptional predisposition to laughter, the volume may be found useful for its apparent purpose. Naturally, however, it is not very lively when taken in print and solitude, even though, towards the close, the sketches of domestic troubles begin to suggest a thin thread of story.

"THE CROCODILE WHICH LONGS TO DEVOUR THE FRENCH AND THE SLAVS" is a polite nickname for Germany in Russia just now, thanks to the warm demonstrations of friendship between the German and Austrian Emperors.

SLIGHT EARTHQUAKE SHOCKS have been felt in the south of Scotland. They occurred in the early morning at Eskdale Muir, a mountainous district of Dumfries-shire, where the inhabitants were awakened, and the furniture in the houses shook violently.



THE CAVALRY MANŒUVRES IN BERKSHIRE—OFFICERS OF THE HORSE GUARDS AND LIFE GUARDS SWIMMING THEIR HORSES ACROSS THE THAMES

DRAWN BY J. CHUBB



THE late Imperial meeting at Rohnstock has knit together GERMANY and AUSTRIA in still closer bonds, according to the assurances of their rulers. Throughout the four days' companionship, the Sovereigns were even more affectionate than usual, and a significant scene marked the close of the manoeuvres. Instead of the usual farewell speech at a banquet, Emperor William spoke on the battle-field before his guests and officers, thanking the Austrian Emperor and the King of Saxony for their presence and favourable criticism of the German Army. "We, the younger generation," said the Emperor, "can learn much from such venerable warriors, and are proud that our army has not deteriorated since William I., a pledge for the further continuance of existing military alliances." Emperor Francis Joseph's reply was no less enthusiastic. He expressed his pride at having as ally a Sovereign who commanded such troops. The true friendship of both nations and Sovereigns was unshakeable, and if war should arise—which God forbid—the armies would faithfully keep to their brotherhood in arms. Indeed, the Emperors were quite loth to part, and Emperor William declared that he was only consoled by the idea of meeting the Austrian Emperor—"who is like a father to me"—in a few days, when he goes to Vienna next Wednesday. He will drive in State through Vienna, where the decorations are to be most splendid, and after staying at Schönbrunn, will accompany his host for a week's shooting in Styria. The German and Austrian Premiers seem to have been as devoted as their masters, and no little stress is laid on Emperor Francis Joseph's gift to Chancellor Caprivi of both the Grand Cross of St. Stephen and its insignia in brilliant simultaneousness, whereas Prince Bismarck only received them at some years' interval. Prince Bismarck, by the by, strikes the one discordant note in the general chorus of jubilation over the Austro-German Alliance, and has incurred much censure for his antagonism towards Austria and his Russian proclivities. However, the ex-Chancellor takes criticism more calmly now, and hints at a speedy return to public life, either in the Reichstag or the Upper House, as he does not intend to remain like a bear in the winter, sucking its paws. Turning to foreign comments on the Imperial interview, RUSSIA persists that the Bulgarian Question is still where it was before the meeting, while FRANCE comments, not altogether unfavourably, on the various rumours respecting the Republic being invited to join the Triple Alliance, or at least to enter upon a Franco-German economic agreement against American Protection.

European alliances have not made Germany forget African affairs. The reported slavery proclamation at Bagamoyo has been denied distinctly enough, the Imperial Vice-Commissioner having telegraphed that no such proclamation was ever issued, nor any auction of slaves permitted on German territory. But an official note in the *Reichsanzeiger* states that slavery itself cannot be suppressed at one blow in German territory, although commercial slave-dealing and man-hunting must be put down. Household slavery can only be abolished by degrees, not to interfere with the property and traditions of the nation. The Berlin Press are very indignant with the English journals for their premature censure, and make disagreeable remarks on British jealousy. Meanwhile an Anti-Slavery Congress has been held in PARIS, due to the energetic Cardinal Lavergne, and intended to put into practice the recommendations of the Brussels Conference. The Cardinal spoke highly of the English missionary efforts to repress the slave traffic. The chief African difficulty, however, still lies between PORTUGAL and ENGLAND, thanks to the warm opposition offered by Lisbon to the Anglo-Portuguese Convention. For some days the country has been without a Cabinet, and though the Portuguese Representative at the Vatican, Señor Ferrao Martens, is expected to form a coalition Ministry on purpose to push the Convention through Parliament, the situation remains most dubious. The leading men of both parties desire a peaceable understanding with England, but the noisy popular agitation has the upper hand for the time, fomented by commercial circles. Even so far away as the Indian colony of Goa, popular excitement has produced riots against the Portuguese Government, owing to electoral differences. Last of all ITALY's claims in East Africa have to be considered, now that Sir Evelyn Baring and General Grenfell are in Rome. Italy wishes to fix the boundary about midway between Massowah and Suakin, but her proposals to adopt the Hinterland doctrine will not be so easily accepted.

Like her neighbour, FRANCE has concluded her autumn manoeuvres with festivities and congratulations. President Carnot witnessed the close of the Northern operations, and took the opportunity to declare that, while upholding the honour of the country, the Army would ensure the blessings of peace and the fruitfulness of labour. M. Carnot received a specially warm welcome at Cambrai, once a Boulangist stronghold, but now as much ashamed of its opinions as the General's former supporters, whose stream of revelations is not yet exhausted. Now the staunch Royalist Comte de Mun proves how closely the Comte de Paris was connected with the plot; M. Mermeix, in another instalment of his "Coulisses," describes how the General fled to Brussels and was brought back again; a third observer narrates M. Constans's cunning plan of frightening away the General, by allowing a friendly spy to see a draft of instructions for his arrest; and, to crown all, Count Dillon's ex-Secretary tells of the sums sent to General Boulanger by humble admirers, and accuses him of appropriating so much money that he settled down at Jersey with 32,000*l.* General Boulanger intends to confound his accusers by an elaborate narrative, to be published both in French and English, but no explanation can restore a cause so effectually lost as Boulangism. The series of duels keeps pace with the revelations, while MM. Rochefort and Canivet relieved the monotony of the combats by a fray in the Ostend Casino, with chairs and gloves for weapons. PARIS mourns the loss of Jeanne Samary, the talented actress of the Comédie Française, who died from typhoid fever on her return from Trouville. Several other cases have occurred there, and an official inquiry will be made into the insanitary condition of that fashionable watering-place. Indeed, typhoid rages in several parts of the country, though not a single case of Asiatic cholera has been imported, thanks to suitable precautions. Southern France has experienced most disastrous storms, which flooded the country round Marseilles, Nîmes, and the neighbouring districts, destroying both crops and cattle. The inundations are the worst known for nearly forty years, and cause widespread distress, besides much loss of life. The Rhône has reached an alarming height.

IN SWITZERLAND the situation at Ticino continues to inspire much anxiety. The members of the deposed Government demanded to be restored to power, but the Federal Council refused to take any decisive step until the dispute had been considered by the Federal Assembly, which met on Monday. The Council wish to summon a Conference of the most moderate men of both parties in order to effect a compromise, but little will be done before the popular Vote is taken on Sunday next. The Canton will be strongly garrisoned to prevent disturbance during the election, and at present the Federal Commissioner, Colonel Künzli, remains in charge of the Government at Bellinzona. The village of Rüthi, in

Saint Gall, has been burnt down, leaving 1,400 inhabitants homeless, though no lives were lost.

The demonstrations of friendship between the great Teutonic Powers have already borne fruit in EASTERN EUROPE. After lavishing every abuse on Austria, SERBIA now changes her tone, and insists that cordial relations between the two neighbours are absolutely necessary to ensure liberty and progress. The meeting between the Servian and Austrian Ministers at the Iron Gates last week cleared the way for a better understanding, which is cemented by Austria removing the obnoxious prohibition on the import of Servian swine. Thousands of pigs are collected near the frontier ready to flood the Hungarian market so soon as permission is given. Meanwhile TURKEY makes little progress in settling the Armenian difficulty. The first Inquiry Commission has been dissolved through the indifference of its members, and a second Commission formed of more energetic men, but the Armenian community feel that while the true state of the case is concealed from the Sultan they have little hope of redress. However, Moussa Bey has been exiled to Medina, and his protector, the Governor of Scutari, removed to an inferior post. Most melancholy histories of Kurdish cruelties still pour in from Armenia, largely through Russian sources. To add to her troubles, Turkey has lost a frigate in a hurricane off the Japanese coast. The *Eritogrul* was an old wooden vessel, pronounced unseaworthy last year, but nevertheless she was despatched with an autograph letter and decoration for the Mikado, and the special Envoy, Admiral Osman Pasha, has perished with the captain and most of the crew, 571 in all.

INDIA is preparing for several small wars during the coming cold season. On the north-west frontier there will be the punitive Zhoob Valley Expedition, besides operations against the Mahsud Waziris to check raiding, while on the Burmese border the Chins and Lushais continue so troublesome that forces must be sent against both tribes. Indeed, fresh troops are already being despatched into the Lushai District, as the important chief Lien-punga, who submitted during the recent Expedition, is again on the war-path, and much fighting goes on round Aijal and Changsil. The Government are considering the question of age in Hindoo marriages, and have been asked to investigate the insanitary condition of Madras, where the death-rate is nearly the highest in the civilised world. In BURMA the Judicial Commissioner has decided that the Government ought to spare the life of Yanyun, the dacoit, who surrendered on a promise of safety given by a subordinate magistrate, but was subsequently condemned to death. Public opinion insists strongly that any breach of faith by the Government would injure the prestige of European justice.

Another great railway disaster in the UNITED STATES has occurred just as the summer tide of travel is turning citywards. A coal train on the Philadelphia and Reading railroad parted in half when rounding a curve near Shoemakersville, and the lower portion ran back on the line into a freight train following too close behind. Several of the cars were flung over the other line, when, a moment later, an express dashed round the curve right into the obstruction with such force that the whole train was thrown off the track, down the embankment, into the Schuylkill River, twenty feet below. The train was crowded, and many travellers were crushed under shattered carriages or drowned, twenty-one persons being killed on the spot, while thirty were dangerously injured. The catastrophe diverted public interest from the monetary situation, which, however, has much improved, owing to the Treasury purchasing considerable quantities of silver and of 4½ per cent. bonds. Senator Voorhees also introduced a new resolution requiring the Treasury to buy up thirty million ounces of silver within a month for immediate coinage. The Conference Committee have been steadily working through the Tariff Bill, and whilst awaiting this measure the Lower House indulged in a fresh quarrel over a contested election. Determined to prevent another of their party from being unseated, the Democrats left the Chamber during the vote, and when enticed back and locked in by a stratagem, they burst the doors open.

MISCELLANEOUS.—ITALY is much alarmed at the outbreak of cholera at Massowah, as many of the garrison are young, unseasoned soldiers. A Sanitary Commission has started for the colony. CYPRUS is equally anxious lest the numerous Arab pilgrims landed surreptitiously from Syria should import the epidemic. On the Red Sea the disease has been of a terribly rapid character. Persons attacked died in an hour with their teeth clenched and their bodies drawn up, being unable to swallow any remedy. The precautions against cholera have greatly increased the distress round Suakin, as the natives cannot get provisions.—The prospects of settling the strike in AUSTRALIA seem more favourable now that both employers and strikers are trying to arrange a joint conference at Melbourne, while the owners and marine engineers have come to terms at Sydney. Still, considerable rioting occurred in Sydney when some wool was shipped by non-Unionists, so that special constables have been sworn in, troops are kept in readiness, and marines from the British ships will be landed should fresh disturbances ensue. Unfortunately, the Cabinet are divided on the subject, Mr. M'Millan, the Colonial Treasurer, having resigned through differences with Sir H. Parkes, although he was subsequently persuaded to retain office.—Further good news comes from SOUTH AFRICA of the success of the pioneer Expedition to Mashona Land, where the natives continue friendly, and the country is fertile and healthy. The Expedition reached its goal on the 12th inst., choosing a site on the Makgubisi River, about eight miles north-east of Mount Hampden.—In CENTRAL AMERICA nearly the whole of Colon has been burnt down.—Sensation-lovers in CANADA are absorbed in the trial of Birchall for the murder of the young Englishman, Mr. Benwell, with whom he had entered into partnership.



THE QUEEN has been paying visits round Balmoral. Her Majesty, with Princess Beatrice and Countess Feodore Gleichen, has been several times to Abergeldie to see the Prince and Princess of Wales, has called on Sir A. and Lady Borthwick at Invercauld, and on Madame Albani Gye and Mr. Gye at Old Mar Lodge. One afternoon the Queen drove through Braemar to the Linn of Dee, and another day Her Majesty picked up the Glen Gelder Shiel with the Princess of Wales and Princess Victoria, Princess Beatrice, and Countess Feodore Gleichen. Guests have joined the Royal party at dinner every evening, including Mr. Chaplin, as Minister in attendance, and the Rev. Professor Story, who arrived on Saturday. Next morning the Professor officiated at Divine Service before the Queen and Royal Family, and in the afternoon the Royal party visited Lady Biddulph at Abergeldie Mains. On Monday afternoon the Queen had tea at the Glassalt Shiel with the Princess of Wales and Princess Beatrice. Her Majesty will stay in Scotland till the middle of November; and, during the Court's absence from Windsor, the private chapel and the library are being renovated.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have been leading a very quiet existence at Abergeldie, where the Duke of Clarence and Avondale joined them on his return from South Wales. The Prince and

Princess have spent much of their time with the Queen and with the Duke and Duchess of Fife at Mar Lodge. They leave Abergeldie in a few days, and after visiting Lord and Lady Londonderry on their way south are expected at Marlborough House on Wednesday. Thence the Prince goes to Austria on the following Saturday for a round of shooting visits, staying first with Count Festetics.—Prince George of Wales has been much fêted at Quebec. Lord Stanley gave a dance in his honour, the Lieutenant-Governor entertained him at dinner, and the Municipality presented him with an address of welcome. In return, Prince George and the other officers of the Fleet gave an "at home" and dance on board the *Bellerophon*.

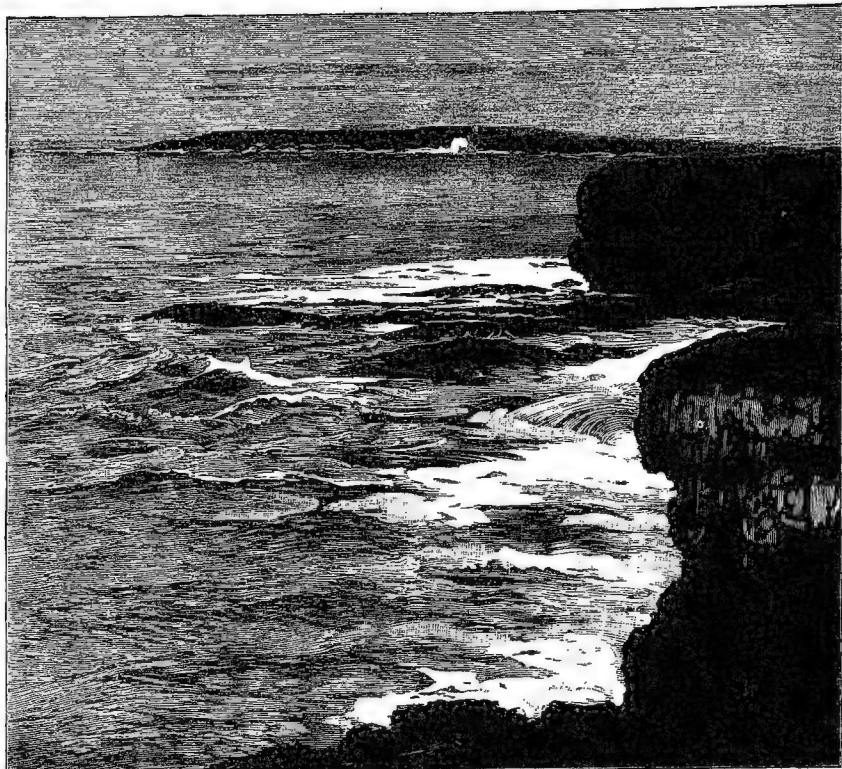
The Duke of Edinburgh has been busy exchanging visits with the various officials at Devonport, and on Sunday attended the Harvest Festival at the Dockyard Church. He also visited his nephew, the Grand Duke George, second son of the Czar, on board the Russian ironclad *Pamyat Azova*, lying in the sound. The Duchess of Edinburgh has gone to Munich with the Hereditary Princess of Saxe-Meiningen.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught returned from witnessing the Silesian manoeuvres to Potsdam, where they stayed at the Castle of Glienicke with the Duchess's brother and his wife, Prince and Princess Frederick Leopold. They now go on a visit to Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia at Kiel, and afterwards make a tour in the Rhine district. The Duchess has been appointed Honorary Colonel of the German regiment named after her late father the Red Prince.—The Empress Frederick and her daughters have taken a trip from Venice to the Castle of Count Brandolin. Princess Victoria's wedding with Prince Adolph of Schaumburg-Lippe is fixed for the Empress's birthday, November 21st.—The Queen of Roumania worked hard at sight-seeing during her stay in Ireland. She spent one day at Dublin, witnessed an illuminated *fête* in her honour at Bray, lunched with Lord and Lady Meath at Kilruddery House, visited Powerscourt and Glenart Castle, and left on Monday for Baron Hill, near Beaumaris, where Her Majesty stayed a few hours with the Deputy-Lieutenant, returning thence to Llandudno. After visiting the Queen at Balmoral, Queen Elizabeth will leave England for Roumania next week.



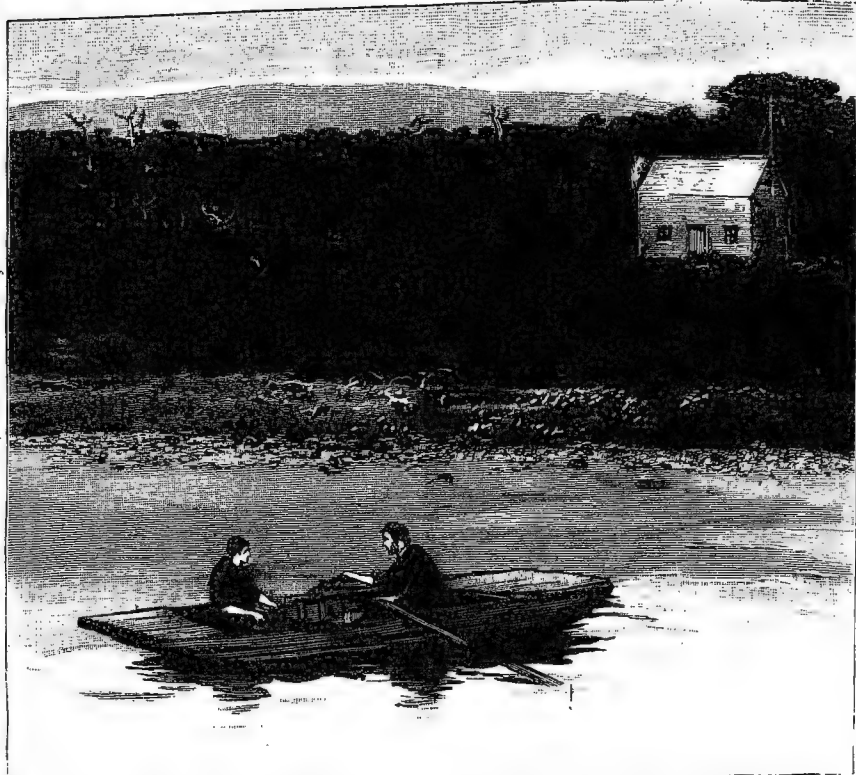
"THE BLACK ROVER."—Mr. Luscombe Searelle's *Black Rover*, presented at the Globe Theatre on Tuesday night, was originally produced at the Bijou Theatre, Melbourne, and it has since been performed in South Africa. It is described as a "romantic" opera, and in point of fact it has very little of the comedy element about it, the plot and general plan of the work being gloomy, and almost tragic. The story is based upon a West Indian legend, somewhat analogous to that of the "Flying Dutchman." In its treatment, the libretto is less happy. The spectator soon, indeed, becomes perplexed by an exchange of parts. A certain Count has died on his way to be married to the heroine, and his place is taken by his secretary; while the heroine herself, in order to escape a marriage which is hateful to her, passes herself off as her cousin. The heroine, Isodora, has, it seems, in childhood been washed up from the sea locked in the arms of her dead mother. Sewn up in her clothes were a packet of jewels and a parchment, giving the infant's rank and parentage. Her mother's death was not from natural causes. She had been taken by pirates, who compelled her to walk the plank with her child. For this deed the "Black Rovers" are condemned to cruise about the ocean, and to seek death, but never to find it until the "Lullaby," originally sung by the woman to her child, is again heard upon the deck of the vessel. By a chance, possible only in "romantic" opera, the pirates happen to descend upon the Cuban coast where the heroine resides. She, of course, is captured, and is condemned to death. But, luckily for the pirates, before she walks the plank, she entreats the Rovers to allow her to utter a prayer, and, falling on her knees, she sings the identical "Lullaby" which her mother taught her. This somewhat conventional melody averts the Rovers' eternal doom, for the vessel forthwith breaks up, and the ban is removed. Thus far the story is little more than a colourless imitation of the legend of Vanderdecken. The last act, however, is more original, if not a little absurd. The negro slaves on a plantation have revolted, and almost all the principal characters are in concealment in a stalactitic cave by the seashore. The heroine, by some miracle known only in light opera, is for the second time been washed ashore in that direction. The negroes, maddened with drink, seize the whole party, and the heroine is once more in danger of death, this time at the stake. She is then, absurdly enough, rescued by the ghost of the Black Rover, who so frightens the negroes that the insurrection is abandoned, and accordingly all ends happily. The *dénouement* is certainly weak, and, although not intended to be comic, it provides almost a satirical termination to a tragic plot. Mr. Searelle cannot be congratulated upon his lyrics, while, save the Black Rover, who is the counterpart of Vanderdecken, and a drivelling old half-witted mariner—interpolated for the sake of Mr. Shiel Barry—most of the characters are conventional enough. The music shows a curious mixture of styles, and Mr. Searelle is less happy in his songs, several of which are decidedly commonplace, than in some of his choruses, notably the opening male chorus, sung by the slaves on a cotton plantation, and the lengthy song and chorus of the Black Rover and his pirate crew. Hero and heroine had rather feeble representatives, for the gentleman's voice was of such small compass that he was unable properly to sing the music; while the lady made little attempt to invest her part with any special dramatic significance, and was also by no means certain as to her intonation. The chief success of the evening was undoubtedly achieved by Mr. Ludwig, whose powerful voice, albeit now more than ever affected by the tremolo, was displayed to its best advantage in the music of the Black Rover, a part that curiously enough is almost identical with that of the Flying Dutchman which Mr. Ludwig formerly sustained on the production of Wagner's opera by the Carl Rosa Company.

CHORAL CONCERTS.—The arrangements for the principal choral concerts to be given in the metropolis during the current season have now been settled. At the Albert Hall no novelties will be presented, but Dr. Mackenzie's *Rose of Sharon* will be revived, and performances will be given of Gounod's *Redemption* and *Mors et Vita*, Handel's *Messiah* and *Israel in Egypt*, Mendelssohn's *Elijah* and *St. Paul*, Berlioz' *Faust*, and Sullivan's *Golden Legend*. Madame Albani will sing at four concerts, Madame Nordica at three, and Miss McIntyre at two. Professor Bridge's *Repentance of Aeneas* will be presented, for the first time in London, by the Finsbury Choral Society on November 27th, under the composer's conductorship. Dr. Hubert Parry's *L'Allegro* will be introduced to Metropolitan music-lovers at the Crystal Palace on December 6. The Crystal Palace programmes likewise include M'Cunn's *Cameronian's Dream*, Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*, and other works. The Bach Choir will commence proceedings on December 10 with Brahms' *Requiem* and Dr. Hubert Parry's *St. Cecilia's Day*. On February 10 they will give a programme of Bach's music, including the Church cantatas, "My Spirit is in Heavenness," and the wedding (or Whitsuntide) cantata, "O ewiges Feuer," besides an eight-part motet, "Sing unto the Lord."

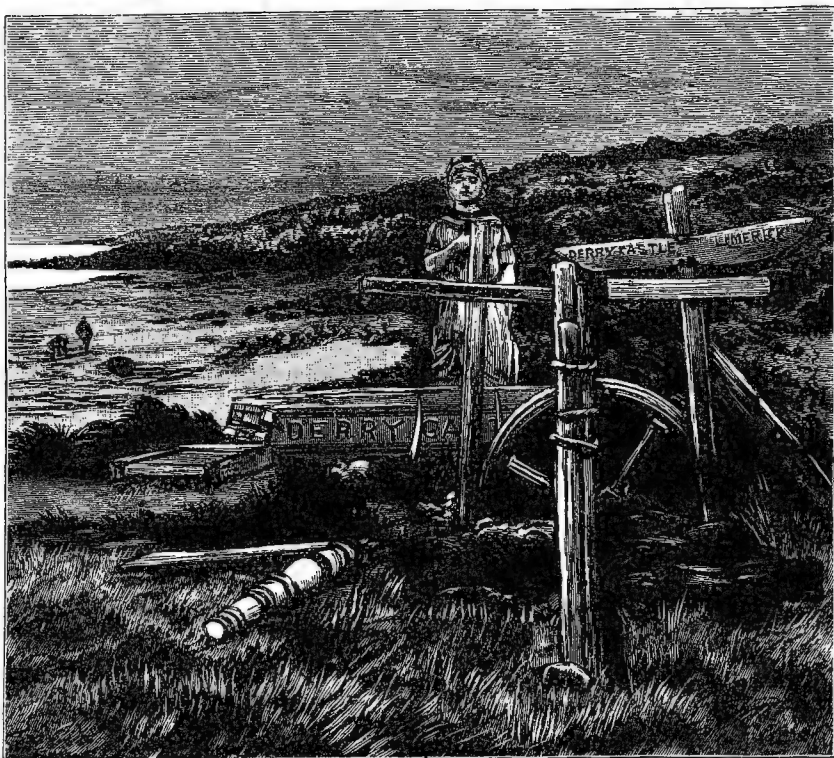
THE GERMAN ARMY will be reorganised once again from Wednesday next, when the new plans approved by the Reichstag come into force. Henceforward the peace-footing will consist of 12 Prussian Corps, 1 Saxon, 1 Würtemberg, 4 Baden, and 4 Bavarian Corps. These include 173 regiments of infantry, 93 of cavalry, and 43 of artillery; 19 battalions of chasseurs, 31 of siege artillery, 21 belonging to the baggage-train, and 20 of pioneers; 2 regiments of railway battalions, and a company of telegraphists. Before the Treaty of Frankfurt the North German Confederation forces mustered 1 Army Corps, while after the Treaty two Bavarian Corps were added together with troops from Würtemberg and Baden. From the Franco-Prussian War up to the present year the strength was gradually augmented, but the Corps were very unequally divided, some possessing scarcely any cavalry or artillery. Now the force have been constituted systematically, and, though no new cavalry regiments are formed, more men have been added to each battalion while the artillery, pioneer, and baggage strength is much increased. The normal strength of an infantry regiment averages 1,757 men, that of a cavalry regiment 666 men and 729 horses, and of an artillery regiment 468 troopers. In general three infantry battalions form a regiment, two regiments a brigade, two brigades a division, and two divisions an Army Corps. Each Corps also possesses a brigade of cavalry—two regiments of five squadrons—two artillery regiments, and a battalion apiece of chasseurs, pioneers, siege artillery, and baggage train. Of late years the strength of the force stationed on the frontiers has rendered additions to the army absolutely necessary, if the remainder of the Empire is to be garrisoned adequately.



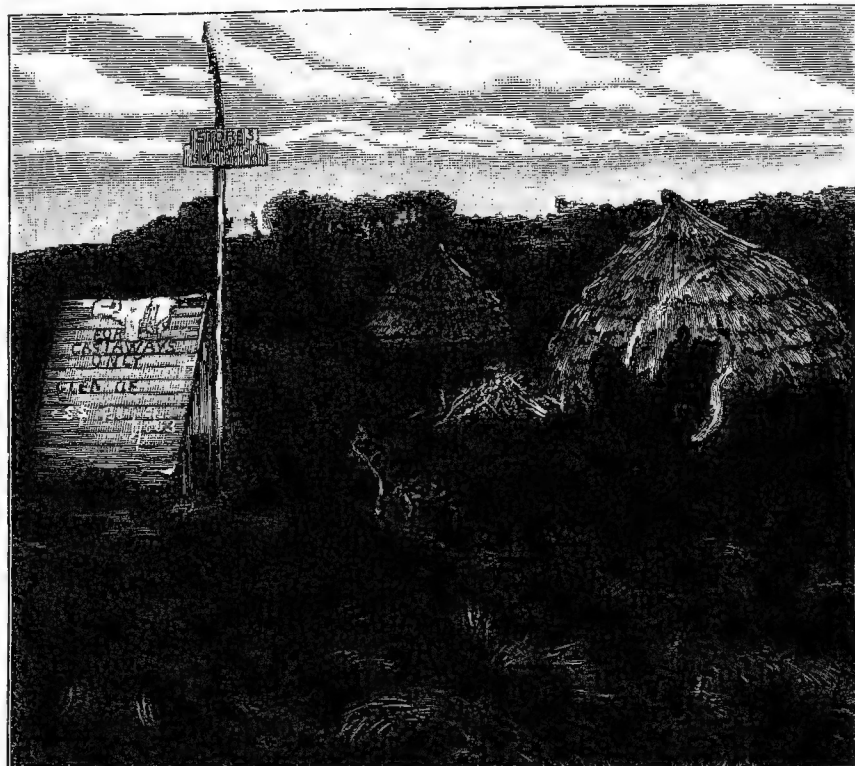
THE REEF ON WHICH THE "DERRY CASTLE" WAS WRECKED



THE HUT WHICH IS SUPPLIED WITH STORES BY THE GOVERNMENT FOR THE USE OF SHIPWRECKED SAILORS



THE FIGURE-HEAD OF THE "DERRY CASTLE" MARKING THE GRAVES OF SOME OF THE CREW



THE HUTS ON ENDERBY ISLAND ERECTED BY THE SURVIVORS OF THE "DERRY CASTLE"

THE WRECK OF THE "DERRY" CASTLE ON ENDERBY ISLAND, ONE OF THE AUCKLAND ISLANDS
THREE HUNDRED MILES SOUTH OF NEW ZEALAND

THE WRECK OF THE "DERRY CASTLE"

COMEDY and tragedy are strongly commingled in this story. Some two years ago a member of the New Zealand House of Representatives got a Bill passed making a "close season" for seals on the Auckland Islands. These islands are an uninhabited group, lying about 300 miles South of New Zealand, and visited only by vessels engaged in the seal-trade, and, at stated intervals, by the Government s.s. *Stella*, which brings provisions to replenish the stores left there for shipwrecked sailors, and takes off any such who may be found there. Shortly after the Bill became law, a ship belonging to the member who had brought it forward left New Zealand, bound for Melbourne, *via* Cook's Straits. Some time after, she arrived at Melbourne, having on board a large quantity of seal-skins and eight shipwrecked sailors from the Auckland Islands. Naturally everybody wanted to know how she had got so far out of her course, and the consequent inquiry brought the whole business to light. The highly respectable member, it turned out, having got the Auckland Islands made "close" to other sealers, had straightway dispatched his own vessel thither, and would doubtless have made a nice little haul, had not the necessity of rescuing the survivors of the *Derry Castle* revealed his little artifice. This vessel had been wrecked on Enderby Island some months before; many of her crew were drowned, and the eight survivors for three months endured terrible hardships, having no fire, and subsisting only on the shell-fish which they found. They were actually within sight of the Government stores at Erebus Cove, but were unable to reach them owing to the roaring current which ran between. However, they made themselves huts of "tussac" (coarse native grass), bound together with thongs of sea-lions' skin, and eventually with planks carried from the scene of the wreck (two miles away) through a piece of dense tangled scrub, built themselves canoes with which they crossed the stream, and so reached the stores. About a month afterwards they were rescued.—Our illustrations are from photographs by Mr. Macdougall, of Invercargill, New Zealand, who accompanied the *Stella* on one of her voyages, and took several views of the islands, which, by the way, had never before been photographed.

THE OFF SEASON AT ROME

It is interesting to watch how the season at Rome gradually passes away, and a new set of conditions set in as the summer advances. It does not come to an abrupt termination like the

Riviera season, or even with the rapidity of the London and Paris seasons. The English visitors still muster largely after the end of April; then through May and June they thin off. The Anglican churches close, the British hotels are shut up, the British doctors take their holiday, the English Ambassador betakes himself to Sorrento. Italy is for the Italians, Rome for the Romans, during the summer months. Most English people only know the Rome of churches, galleries, and studios during the winter season; the free out-of-doors Roman life of the summer months is only known to a small minority of them. The Romans go into *villeggiatura* indeed, but they do not all go at the same time, and they come back after brief periods of sojourn. This applies to King, Roman nobles, and all classes of society. This year, and in fact most years, some of the greatest social events of the season come off when the season might be supposed to be over. The great annual show of fireworks on the anniversary of Italian Unification is one of them, and fireworks never show better than under the clear blue skies of Italy. The greatest function of the year, St. Peter's Day, attracts enormous crowds. The Pope holds a Consistory to appoint new cardinals, a very imposing sight. I "assisted," and was sorry to see how extremely weak and fragile Leo XIII. appears to be. A few days later, to the astonishment of all Rome, he made a visit to a studio. It was only a few hundred yards off, to be sure, but at the same time it was the first time for many years that he had passed beyond the extra-territorial limits of the Vatican.

It was later in July when I "assisted" at a great reception at the French Embassy, and so had an opportunity of seeing the Farnese Palace, which, as a rule, is inexorably closed to strangers. The Parliament is full of vigorous debate. It will be seen, therefore, distinctly that we have an "off season" in Rome, which is quite a season in itself. Probably at no time of the year are there more Americans in Rome. There are, I believe, between ninety and a hundred Roman princes, most of whom can speak English very well, and of these ten have married American heiresses; or at least most of them were heiresses.

The open-air life of Rome, the life of the promenades, and music, and cafés, is at its very best in the "off season." We have something of the sort in the winter, at least as long as the wintry days last; but when the sunset has been watched from the Pincian, people are glad to drive homewards. But now they drive till the late dusk, till the electric lights are flashing forth, till the military music clashes from the Palazzo Colonna. In every direction the music of the out-door *café chantant* springs up.

Nor are there wanting quieter scenes which may delightfully

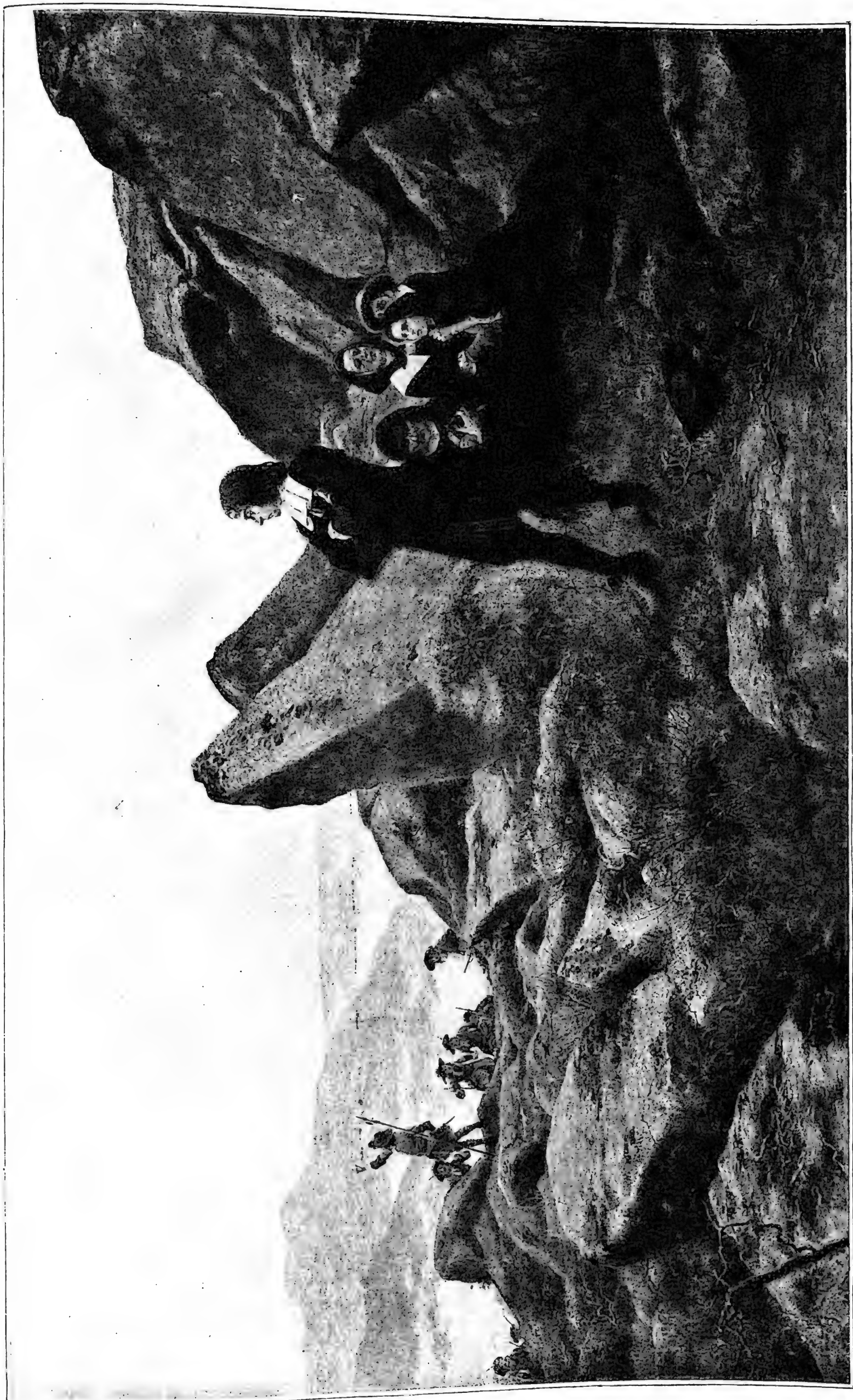
beguile the summer evenings. The beautiful gardens of the Roman palazzos are now at their best. There are no more delicious retreats than the gardens and groves of the Medici and Mattei Palaces, of the Valkouski and the Doria Pamphili grounds, not to mention various others which I might gratefully recall to mind. It is interesting to go to the vespers of the Church of Trinità de' Monti, one of the very few churches in Rome where you may really make sure of good music. There is one monk in Rome just now who has a most magnificent tenor voice, and who was heard on several great occasions.

Then there are certain great libraries which it was a pleasure to haunt, and which I practically had very much to myself. I was very much interested, while examining some enormous globes in one of the old libraries some two hundred years old, to find the whole series of Central African Lakes marked out, including one or two that have not yet been re-discovered. Tanganyika is there, with its island, although it is placed rather too much to the south of the equator, the equator in reality passing through it. There is a capital public library in the Corso Vittore Emanuele, near the Collegio Romano, where all the best English periodicals are taken in, and open freely to all comers.

I mentioned the institution of the *villeggiatura*. Being in Rome, and doing as the Romans do, I carry out the idea even beyond the ordinary Roman extent. I went both to the seaside and into the country. My nearer expeditions were to Frascati, the lakes of Albano and Nemi, and Tivoli; and, further off, took seaside trips to the Bay of Naples, Sorrento, and the Isle of Capri. They were only flying visits, which I preferred to encamping out for long, but afforded abundant variety of incident and scenery. I thought the Lake of Nemi the most perfect gem in lake beauty that I had ever seen.

Among the lovely villas around Albano is the Pope's extra-territorial Palazzo of Gandolfo, which, however, he now never visits. This summer the railway has been carried into the town, which saves the long climb up-hill. There is a wonderful system of streams and waterfalls at Tivoli, which, with the magnificent remains of Adrian's Villa, repaid the "inside of a week" which we gave it. Tourists will be sorry to hear that the beautiful Villa Este is now hermetically closed by the Cardinal proprietor, who is about to adapt it for a religious foundation.

It is curious to notice the various changes that have been passing over Rome within recent years. Some of these are very much for the good; others are doubtful. The general health is much improved; most of the old wells are shut up, and there is abundance



"THE REVOCATION OF THE EDICT OF NANTES (1685)—PROTESTANT FUGITIVES"
FROM A PAINTING BY M. LELOIR, EXHIBITED IN THE PARIS SALON

of the purest water in the world. The extensive growth of the eucalyptus has greatly checked the Roman fevers. In several parts of the city new and splendid quarters are springing up; they are springing up, indeed, much more quickly than they can be occupied. Nothing is more melancholy than to see the vast blocks of building which are unoccupied, or even unfinished. It is popularly said that it will take Rome twenty years to recover from the effects of over-speculation, but we may trust that the period will be considerably shortened. The character of the city has also been greatly altering. It is more of a business-place, and less of a social and leisure-place. The houses that used to have stately evening receptions now very much limit themselves to unconventional afternoon teas. The people who used to come to Rome for health, or to spend the entire winter, have now got into the way of going to the Riviera instead.

I am afraid that Rome now achieves little in Art commensurate with its former imposing fame. There is one quasi-form of Art, however, that was never more active; this is the copying of great pictures. The copyists may be seen in all the great galleries of Italy, and apparently find a ready market for their wares. I am afraid that very often the copy is made to serve as an original. I may mention a curious incident that happened to myself. A wealthy Yorkshire manufacturer invited me to come and see his collection of pictures, with which, however, I failed to be much impressed.

"I will now show you," he said, "the gem of my collection. It is a picture of which you must have heard." He drew aside a curtain, and said with great stress, "Leonardo da Vinci's 'Last Supper.'"

I ventured to observe that the last time I saw that picture it was on a wall at Milan.

"I have no doubt that you saw a picture with that name on a wall in Milan," said my entertainer; "but this is the picture—the original Da Vinci."

Of course I did not venture to argue the point. I once asked Mr. Ruskin to look at a picture which a friend of mine had bought as a Turner.

"I am often asked to look at such pictures," wrote Mr. Ruskin to me, "and I never do so now, because I only cause disappointment and dismay. People think they have Turners; but, as a matter of fact, they never have." F. A.

GAMEKEEPERS

"A GOOD gamekeeper, when the right man has been got for the place, is a most valuable servant, and ought, without spoiling him, to be made much of."

Such was the oft-expressed opinion of the late Mr. Hall Maxwell, who, himself a country gentleman, had gained much experience of "country craft," and was well versed in the duties of both landlord and tenant, as well as in all grades of country service, from that of the farm-boy-of-all-work to that of the factor.

"Your keeper," I once heard him say to a prominent member of the Highland Society, "has much in his power: he may, from ill-will or laziness, allow your stock of game to fall below the reproductive point; he may—such events occasionally take place—co-operate with the poachers, or league with your game-dealer to cheat you; or he may prove to be so ignorant as to neglect the performance of some of his duties, and so greatly to lessen the quantum of sport enjoyed by yourself and friends."

What was so well said by Mr. Hall Maxwell—who for many years was Secretary to the Highland Society—could doubtless be endorsed by numerous other country gentlemen who have suffered from the evils described. A very sensible man of the writer's acquaintance, who has been head-keeper on a large estate for the long period of forty years, told him lately that the good keepers of the old sort were becoming scarce for want of material to make them from.

"You see, sir," he observed, "there are so many other avenues of employment opening up for young men, that it is difficult to get and retain the fellows you think would answer. The railways now take our country boys to the big seats of population, where, when trade is brisk, wages are good and employment plentiful. And there is another drawback: most of the young lads about a country side, such as this is, know each other, having, likely enough, been at the same school. Well, sir, some of the lot are sure to be poachers, and in that case the young keeper would be tongue-tied to be anything to happen. The poaching that goes on at present is beyond belief—it's something awful."

In saying so, my informant spoke from personal knowledge of the fact. His covers were in a poaching centre; and, notwithstanding the deterrent influence of a trial for the murder of a keeper, and the execution of the poacher who killed him, men continued to go out of nights with their guns to shoot what they could find, setting their snares all about at the same time. Looking after poachers occupies a full half of a gamekeeper's time; and, to circumvent them, "he sets his brains a steep," his dearest delight is to get them captured in "the very act of poaching." It was as a drop of some life-preserving elixir to an old and experienced Midlothian keeper, whilst in pursuit of a poacher, to see him trip and fall in consequence of one of his feet being caught in a snare which he had himself set in the scrub for the capture of hares. David Mathers was never more delighted than when he was asked to tell how he captured "Black Jock," who, although one of the most industrious poachers in the Dalkeith district of Midlothian, had been very seldom convicted, being an old and cunning hand at the business in all its branches. A few years since, it was calculated that at least a fifth part of the game fed and bred in the United Kingdom falls a prey to poachers. Much of what they capture, however, is never sent to be sold by the licensed game dealers, but reaches the consumer through other channels.

The most active time for the gamekeeper begins with the egg-laying season, about the beginning of April; and onward his duties then embrace the protection of the pheasants' and partridges' nests, so soon as these birds begin to lay, and, at the same time, the destruction of the eggs of such birds as are known to play havoc with the birds of sport.

Up early and to bed late is the order of the day with those keepers who know their business, and strive manfully to perform it. "No church on Sunday, sir, for me when the nesting begins," said David Mathers. "I recollect well that on one 'spring occasion' of dispensing the Sacrament, the minister called at my cottage and asked me to be sure and come; and I went, as I liked to please the minister—but the cost was something awful—no less than sixty-seven eggs! Think of that, sir. I've never, I assure you, attended the 'spring occasion' since."

Protecting the pheasants' eggs from poachers and looking after the nests of the partridges occupies the greater portion of a keeper's time in the season. Any number of these eggs can be readily disposed of by the egg thieves at good prices, seeing there has arisen of late years such a demand for them; pheasants being now extensively bred on all the large estates of the country. Unscrupulous keepers deal either directly with the poachers or with their agents, purchasing the eggs at about five or six shillings a dozen, and charging them to their masters, who are simple enough to allow their servants to deal in this way, at from eight to ten shillings. Many a time the more cunning poachers are able to sell the same eggs twice over, as they contrive to know where they are in process of being hatched, and then proceed to lift them, and once more to sell them.

Some keepers are clever at pheasant-breeding, and turn out a few thousands annually by means of the barn-door fowls which are kept for sitting on the eggs, the percentage of loss being wonderfully small. In this branch of their duties they are often much indebted

to their wives and other women-folk. The industrious gamekeeper has scarcely an hour that he can call his own; he is the slave of his situation, and from daybreak to dark he must be ever on the move. Every morning seems to bring him new duties, and even at night, when his lamp is lit, he has guns to overhaul and clean, or fishing tackle to arrange. Most part of the year is devoted to preparations for the shooting season, when his master and friends expect to be shown abundance of sport, vermin have to be industriously trapped, and poachers nightly defied, so that game of all kinds may increase and multiply.

Good keepers, who enjoy their master's confidence and deserve it because of the honest part they play, are tolerably independent in their bearing towards their superiors; no fawning or cringing can, as a rule, be noted in their deportment; neither, however, are they as impudent or forward in their demeanour, but always respectful, and proud to let it be seen that they understand their duty and can do it. A good man should be well paid, but wages vary considerably, and the vexed question of perquisites is often a disturbing feature in the pecuniary arrangements which must necessarily be made. Sir John Sinclair, one of the men who helped to "make" Scotland, and who thoroughly understood such matters, used to say that, if the keeper was a trustworthy man, he should have discretionary power given him as to providing for his own table; but it may be noted that in the days of Sir John game of all kinds was of much less value than it is now, when a good hare cannot be bought much under four shillings.

Some masters allow their keepers to kill as many rabbits for the use of their families as they can consume, and in the matter of wild birds, a large number of which are good for food, there should be no restriction.

An eccentric Scottish baronet told his keeper when he last engaged one, now about twelve years ago, that his wages would be at the rate of three pounds a month, with a free house and grass for a cow. "And," he added, "you can get as much out of my friends as ever you can; I have plenty of them who come to help me in the season."

On big estates, where game is plentiful and there come to the battues in November and December a succession of two hundred guests, the head keepers are said to make "a good thing of it." A curate, who was showing a friend over his parish, said to him, "Ah, there goes old Leathers, my lord's gamekeeper. I would be greatly blessed had I half his income."

In the preceding remarks the heather has been kept out of sight, so have the deer forests; these are in a different region, some of them being so remote from the busy haunts of men that poaching troubles are comparatively unknown. It is Lowland shootings that most require the watchful eye of the keeper, the estates of two or three thousand acres, on which hares ought to be abundant and partridges plentiful. On such areas of ground keepers and their assistants have no sinecure, but have to live in a constant state of unrest, not knowing when they may be maimed for life by the ruthless poacher. As a general rule gamekeepers are an intelligent body of men, well versed in the natural history of the animals they are charged to look after, and happily, though there are some black sheep among the flock, the majority are trustworthy fellows, able and anxious to do their duty, whether engaged in trapping rats and in the massacre of other "vermin," or in showing sport to their masters. ELLANGOWAN

WORDS! WORDS! WORDS!

It would be perhaps going a little too far to say that, were every written record of the world's progress destroyed, it would still be possible to reconstruct the history of humanity from a careful study of its various forms of speech. But though such a statement might be open to the charge of exaggeration, there can be no reasonable question that history and language are mutually illustrative to a degree far greater than is ordinarily supposed. We talk of "making history;" but while we are making history, we are making language also—a fact which we are apt to overlook. Every change, no matter how slight, in government, or society, or thought, is certain to leave its indelible traces upon our speech in a record which will endure long after the changes themselves have passed away and are forgotten. Thus language is, indeed, a vast series of slowly-formed strata, to which the historian may turn to find the fossilised indications of all the institutions, and superstitions, and customs, which the human race has outgrown and cast aside in its evolution towards higher things.

Regarded from this point of view, our daily speech is seen to be, after all, but an imperfect vehicle for modern ideas. It can only partially adapt itself to the changing requirements of the time. Strong suggestions of its ancestry obstinately cling about it; and it thus forms another of those powerful, if almost intangible, links which make it so difficult for us, with all our efforts, to sever our connection with the past.

It is curious to notice in this connection, how many of the words in commonest use to-day will be found on examination to take us back to a condition of things very different from our own. We are still near enough to the introduction of modern writing facilities to recall the fact that our word "pen" (like the German "feder" and the French "plume") points directly to the old quills or feathers formerly exclusively employed. But this is only one of the countless examples revealed by even a cursory study of etymology. For instance, "pecuniary" (from the Latin *pecus*) leads us across the ages to that dim past when all wealth consisted of cattle, and to that primitive, but important, commercial improvement whereby at length rude figures of oxen scratched upon bits of leather, taking the place of the cattle themselves, became the first circulating medium. In the same way, "rival" reminds us of the time when bands of wandering shepherds came into conflict with each other for the possession of the banks (*rivi*) of rivers where they wished to water their flocks. Nowadays, when we speak of a "person," we do not think of the mask (*persona*) which the actors wore upon the ancient classic stage; nor when we discuss electricity do we pay any heed to amber (*electron*); nor yet, again, when we enter into "calculations," do we trouble ourselves about the small round pebbles (*calculi*) which in early times were employed for all arithmetical operations. But it may be perhaps as well that in these days of Parliamentary elections, we should remember how, when the old Roman citizen sought the suffrages of his fellows, it was accustomed to appear in white (*candidus*) to show the purity of his intentions and the humility of his mind, whence he was called a "candidate." In all such instances as these we are able to see how the words and phrases brought into existence by certain ideas or customs remain in force when those ideas and customs have long ceased to prevail. But it occasionally happens that in the chances and changes of the world, a word which has for centuries been an anachronism will find itself at last reinstated in something like its original signification. Of this re-adjustment between things and the names by which they are called, our word "funeral" promises to be an example. At the outset, connected as it was with *funus*, smoke, it had reference to the burning of the bodies of the dead; and thus, of course, etymologically considered, it had no place whatever in the phraseology of the modern system of burial. The introduction of cremation, however, will evidently to some extent bridge over the chasm thus existing between fact and speech.

But even more curious than all this is the way in which language gathers up and preserves the superstitions of the darker ages, forcing even the wisest and most enlightened of the present day to

give them an involuntary recognition. For the English philosopher the sun rises and sets; for the French *savant*, *il se lève et il se couche*—he gets up and goes to bed again; for the German *weltweise*, he (or rather she) *geht auf und geht unter*—comes up and goes beneath; and yet the veriest child knows perfectly well that it is the earth which moves, and not the sun. Such is the tyranny of idiom. A physician will laugh at you if you venture to suggest that there may after all be some grain of truth in the ancient fancy that the moon has influence upon the mind; but if he is given to strong speech (as wise men sometimes are), he may even so far forget himself in the excitement of argument as to call you a lunatic—thus in his vocabulary bowing down before that same crude fetish which he is labouring so hard to overthrow.

"Pan, Pan is dead," sang Mrs. Browning, a good many years ago; but there are still panics on the Stock Exchange, and in the Money Market, and in crowded theatres. Those who pride themselves that, in these times of extended and still extending knowledge, the old follies of astrology are dead and buried, and will be heard of no more, are apt to forget how a dozen times a day, in our common speech, we make passing and thoughtless reference to worn-out superstition. On the occasion of every fresh disaster on the common speech, we hint at the evil action of the stars (*astræ*). An land or sea, we hint at the "ill-starred." The oft-repeated unfortunate man is spoken of as "ill-starred." The oft-repeated word "influence" means simply an inflowing of the virtues of the planets upon our lives; while the cognate "influenza" which has lately been on every lip, and has assumed such a grim significance in our midst, means in the same way an epidemic catarrh, produced by the action of the stars. The jovial man is the man born under the cheerful planet Jove, or Jupiter; the saturnine individual is he at whose nativity presided the gloomy Saturn. So, too, with those described as martial and mercurial; whose characters are thus directly connected in popular parlance with their ruling stars.

One more instance only, and this from that vast domain of curious error represented by ancient medicine. We constantly speak of a man in a good humour, a bad humour; and, knowing well enough what we mean by the phrase as now currently employed, we do not trouble to inquire what were its original implications. But, as a matter of fact, this good old word introduces us without ceremony to the once famous, and now altogether forgotten, doctrine of humours. These, according to early physicians, were four in number—the choleric, the melancholy, the phlegmatic, and the sanguine. They circulated in the human body; and the varying natures of individuals were supposed to depend exclusively on the proportions in which they were to be found associated in the system. No one needs to be reminded with what tenacity the names of these four humours have themselves clung to our speech; but it is not so well known that such words as "temper" and "temperament" hail also from the same source.

These are but a few of the fossils which lie imbedded everywhere in our vocabulary; but they seem to show how language is indeed built up of the follies, and superstitions, and passing absurdities of the long generations which corse and go. Or, to change the simile, just as the sensitive cylinder of the phonograph registers every sound, heedless of its value or meaning, so language gathers up and preserves in a permanent record every change in life and thought, the small with the great, the evil as well as the good.

W. H. H.

YOUNG HORSES

FARMERS are urged by well-wishers to take up more largely the breeding of horses, and they are told by well-meaning friends that they must certainly make money thereby. But there is no greater delusion than that young horses can, as a general rule, be raised and sold at a profit. The large prices which are given for first-class weight-carrying hunters and hacks and carriage-horses are given for a comparatively few animals, which are not only very much above the average both in looks and quality, but have perfect character in the hunting-field or on the road. Any one who expects to obtain a long price for a hunter must keep him until he is at least five years old, must be able to show that he has perfect manners, and that he is absolutely sound. If he will not keep a young horse for so long a time, he must be content to sell him for a comparatively small sum before he is broken, or while he is in the breaker's hands. But at such a time the purchase of a young horse is a pure piece of speculation which no one except a dealer will indulge in, unless he can do so for a mere trifle, or he has taken an absurd and unreasonable fancy to the horse. It is next to impossible to foretell the future of a horse at three years old, and the proportion of useless young animals which fulfil "the promise of their spring," and become first-rate weight-carrying hunters, is absurdly small; for it is the weight-carrying hunters for which large prices are given. A horse up to twelve, or even thirteen, stone only, will seldom fetch a remunerative price as a hunter; but the best snaped young hunter has endless chances to encounter before he becomes the perfect five-year-old hunter. He may develop in bone and sinew, may be fast and a fine fencer, but he may also develop a temper so sullen that his rider is always fighting with him, or so irritable and uncertain that he can never be depended upon from one half-hour to another. The former kind of fault will cause him to refuse at a most critical period of a run, and the latter to begin to kick in the most crowded part of a small lane. Develop as he may in form and substance, physical defects may also develop; hereditary spavins may show themselves; it may become necessary to fire him, and he becomes from that time forth "a fifty pound horse at the end of four years' keep."

A very simple arithmetical calculation of the cost of food and fodder at the lowest wholesale prices will show that under such circumstances the profit to the breeder will be nil. But apart from a possible natural development of vices or unsoundness, there are equally possible creations of the same by artificial means. A hunter, though to a certain extent some are foaled such, must in nine cases out of ten be made such by patient and careful training. During the period of this process, a horse is not only liable to the ordinary equine ailments—such as colds, coughs, and internal diseases—but to accidents which may directly injure him, and to treatment which may indirectly spoil him. Before a horse's frame is properly set, blows or strains are much more injurious than they are in the case of older horses. So an injury to a promising four-year-old may result in a permanent blemish, which would do no more than lay up an aged horse for a time. Indirectly, a horse may be injured by an impatient breaker, or a heavy-handed master. The former may ride him so fast or so hard as to injure his wind; the latter may make a horse somewhat impetuous in temperament, and at first easy in his mouth, into a confirmed puller, and thus irretrievably throw away the difference between cost and gross price, which would be the profit on the breeding and keeping of the horse. Assuming that in one instance out of ten a hunter at five years or six years old possesses the three main qualities of fine shape, much bone, and perfect manners, the profit—considerable as it may be—which can be made on this animal will be largely discounted by the losses or the small profit on the other nine. For the well-to-do amateur of horses, there are few things more interesting than the rearing of hunters, especially if he be able to take an active part in it himself. But unless a man is well off, can afford to keep seasoned as well as immature horses, can give plenty of personal attention to his stables, and both he and his servants have a patient temper and light hands, the less he has to do with young horses the better. E. S. R.

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ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL

Preserves and strengthens the hair of ladies and children, and promotes a luxuriant growth.

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL

Is celebrated as being the best Brilliantly coloring the Beard, Whiskers, and Moustaches.

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL

Is warranted free from any kind of poisonous ingredients, and is also sold in a Golden Colour for fair-haired ladies and Children. Bottles, 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d. family bottles, equal to 4 small.

ROWLAND'S ODONTO

Is a pure, fragrant, antiseptic, and non-gritty tooth powder.

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Awarded the HIGHEST HONOURS AT ALL EXHIBITIONS

CHOCOLAT MENIER. In 1/2 lb. and 1 lb. PACKETS.

For BREAKFAST, LUNCHEON, and SUPPER

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Daily Consumption exceeds 50 Tons.

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BATH. Daily yield, 507,500 galls. Natural temp. 117 to 120 Fahr. The Baths were founded by the Romans in the First Century. Most valuable in cases of Rheumatism, Gout, Skin Affections. The Baths have been recently enlarged and perfected at great expense. One of the greatest hygienic physicians says: "They are the most complete in Europe." They include Thermal, Vapour, Douche with Massage (by Doucheurs and Doucheuses), Continental Spas), Needle Baths, Pulverisation, Spray, Dry and Moist Heat, Humane, and Inhalation Rooms. All forms of Shower and Medicated Baths, Band daily in the Pump Room. Address Manager for every information.

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SANATORIUM, in one of the finest climates in the world for pulmonary complaints. 4,300 feet above sea-level. Air dry and exhilarating. 235 days of sunshine per annum. English Church. 23 days fair-weather voyage in splendidly appointed steamers. Circular from CHARLES W. JONES, Esq., 42, Drury Buildings, Liverpool, or ARTHUR E. JONES, Esq., The Sanatorium, S. Paulo, Brazil.

HINDLEY'S SMALL STEAM ENGINES.

PUMPING MACHINERY, SAW BENCHES. 11, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, LONDON.

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Established 1866. Assurance Fund—Four Millions. Mutual Assurance at least cost. No. 87, King William St., E.C.

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life-size, on canvas, head and bust, 4s. 2s.; from life or photograph, in water-colour or tinted crayon, 1s. head, nicely mounted, 4s. 1s.; or exquisitely finished in crayon, 10s. 6d. See "The Portrait, and how to Draw It," with price list post free.

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Medallist, 86, Warwick Street, Belgravia, S.W.

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highly-educated North German lady, with excellent references in England, desires an engagement as daily or resident governess, or as companion. Modern languages, the piano, and the higher branches of education. Much experience in teaching and travelling. Address "Deutsch," 5, North Hill Avenue, Highgate, N.

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Agents, conduct every kind of British, Foreign, and Colonial business connected with PATENTS, DESIGNS, and TRADE MARKS. No fees for preliminary advice. Charges moderate.

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MONOCHROME COMPANY'S Permanent Enlargements in Black and White, from Old, Faded, or recent Photographs, are Faithful in Likeness. Artistic in Finish, and leaving nothing to be desired. Price on Porcelain or on Paper from 1s. 6d. to 10s. 6d. Resembling a fine engraving. "Whitehall Review." "We saw some of the very best etchings."—*Pail Mail Gazette*.

OETZMANN & Co. SALE

67, 69, 71, 73, 75, 77, and 79, HAMPSHIRE ROAD, Near Tottenham Court Road and Gower Street Station. SHILLING CAB FARES from Charing Cross, Euston, King's Cross, St. Pancras, and Waterloo Stations, Regent Street, and Piccadilly Circus.

GREAT CLEARANCE SALE COMMENCES

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 1st. OETZMANN and CO., Hampstead Road.

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FURNITURE, CARPETS, DRAPERY, IRONMONGERY, CHINA, GLASS, &c., Slightly damaged by dust and removal of the recent extension of premises, will be offered at NOMINAL PRICES.

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SPECIAL SALE CATALOGUE

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CABINET MAKERS, UPHOLSTERERS, DECORATORS, and COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS.

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(NEAR TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD AND GOWER STREET STATION.) SHILLING CAB FARES from Charing Cross, Euston, King's Cross, St. Pancras, and Waterloo Stations, Regent Street, and Piccadilly Circus.

HOMES for the AGED POOR.

The object of this Charity is to relieve deserving poor persons from the sad necessity of passing their last years in a workhouse. To this end Homes are provided, in which such persons have a room rent free, as well as the advantage and comfort of medical attention in sickness. The qualifications for admission are that applicants be fully sixty years old, of unquestionable respectability, and unable to obtain from any source a larger income than six shillings; or, if married, a common income for the couple not exceeding ten shillings per week.

Nine of such homes have already been opened at 7, 9, 11, 13, and 17, Minford Gardens, West Kensington Park; 25 and 27, St. George's Road, Notting Hill; 65, Watlington Road, St. Peter's Park, Paddington; and 41, Fenge Road, South Norwood. They are all open to visitors between the hours of 2 and 5 p.m.

All these homes are now full, and although 41 new inmates were admitted during 1889, there are still over 50 applicants anxiously waiting for admission. There does not, however, seem to be any hope of this greatly needed charity being enlarged to any extent until some portion at least of the existing mortgages is paid off. These amount to £4,500 on four of the six old houses that have been acquired in Minford Gardens (five of them used as homes and one let) and the large home in Watlington Road.

Under these circumstances the Committee seek additional subscriptions and donations, and ask friends who are interested in the cause, and sympathize with their special difficulties and trials, to visit one or more of these homes, where they will witness for themselves the amount of comfort and happiness secured to each pensioner at a yearly cost to the Charity of about four guineas per head.

Subscriptions may be sent to, and any further information obtained from, the Hon. Secretaries, the Misses Harrison, 5, Grandeur Terrace, Anerley, S.E.

ADVICE to MOTHERS.—Are

you broken in your rest by a sick child suffering with the pain of cutting teeth? Go at once to a chemist, and get a bottle of Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor sufferer immediately. It is perfectly harmless; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes "as bright as a button."

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING

SYRUP. It has long been in use in America, and is highly recommended by medical men. It is very pleasant to take; it soothes the child; it softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for dysentery and diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and see that "Curtis and Perkins, New York and London," is on the outside wrapper. No mother should be without it. Sold by all medicine dealers at 1s. 10d.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER

Will positively restore, in every case, grey or white hair to its original colour without leaving the disagreeable smell of most "Restorers." It makes the hair charmingly beautiful, as well as promotes the growth of the hair on bald spots where the glands are not decayed.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER

This preparation has never been known to fail in restoring the hair to its natural colour and gloss in from eight to twelve days. It promotes growth, and prevents the hair falling out, eradicates dandruff, and leaving the scalp in a clean, healthy condition.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER

Is put up with directions in German, French, and Spanish. Retail everywhere in London at 3s. 6d. per bottle. Sold wholesale by the ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG COMPANY, Limited, 33, Farringdon Road, London.

FLORILINE.—For the TEETH

AND BREATH. Is the best Liquid Dentifrice in the world. It thoroughly cleanses partially decayed teeth from all parasites or living animalcules, leaving them pearly white, imparting a delightful fragrance to the breath. The FRAGRANT FLORILINE removes instantly all odours arising from a foul stomach or tobacco smoke. For children or adults whose teeth show marks of decay its advantages are paramount. The FLORILINE should be thoroughly brushed into all the cavities; no one need fear using it too often or too much at a time.

FLORILINE.—For the TEETH

AND BREATH.—Is sold wherever the English language is spoken. Ask for the FRAGRANT FLORILINE Price 2s. 6d. Wholesale by the ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG COMPANY, Limited, Farringdon Road, London.

CARTER'S COLOGNE OIL

FOR THE HAIR. Keeps the scalp free from dandruff, promotes the growth of the hair, and makes it silky, and luxuriant. Being perfectly harmless, and most delicately perfumed, it is equally suitable for all ages, but is invaluable and indispensable in the nursery.

CARTER'S COLOGNE OIL

FOR THE HAIR. May be obtained of all Chemists, Perfumers, and Hairdressers throughout the world. Price 1s. per Bottle, or a single bottle will be sent by Parcel Post on receipt of stamps 1s. 3d. Prepared only at the Laboratory of the ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG COMPANY (Limited), 33, Farringdon Road, London, Proprietors.



SIR CHARLES RUSSELL, in his speech last week at Leith, represented Lord Selborne as having been previously desirous of severing his connection with the Liberal party at the time when Mr. Gladstone's sudden acceptance of Home Rule gave him an excuse, so to speak, for abandoning his former political allies. Lord Selborne, who was Lord Chancellor in Mr. Gladstone's Ministry of 1880-5, rejoins that there was nothing but Home Rule "to prevent my accepting the offer made to me by Mr. Gladstone in 1886 to return to office under him as Prime Minister; and I should certainly have done so but for my inability to agree to a reversal of the policy until then followed by myself and all other Liberal Ministers upon the Irish question."

MR. GLADSTONE having been taken to task by the Secretary of the National Brassworkers' Society for remarks in his speech at Saltney on the "scamping" of their work by some artisans, he has hastened to explain that he did not mean to imply that scamping was characteristic of workmen more than of any other class. "It is known, I fear, to all classes. I see it in my own class, that of politicians, and," he adds, modestly, "I daresay I have been guilty of it myself." His correspondent appears to have remarked that trade unions discourage scamping, and Mr. Gladstone gives it as his opinion that "they are founded on a principle of regard for the honour of the respective trades, and their honour requires the good and not the perfunctory execution of their work."

IRELAND.—Two more arrests, and on the same charge, have followed those of Messrs. W. O'Brien, M.P., and Mr. J. Dillon, M.P. One was that of Mr. Patrick O'Brien, M.P. for Tipperary, on Tuesday, at Cardiff, where, and elsewhere in South Wales, he had been making speeches of the usual character. In the other case, Mr. J. E. O'Mahony, editor of *New Tipperary*, was on the same day arrested and released on bail at Limerick.—While at large on bail, Messrs. O'Brien and Dillon have been delivering inflammatory harangues.—At a meeting of the National League in Dublin on Tuesday, Mr. T. Healy, M.P., went the length of saying that he regarded as a traitor to his fellow-countrymen any farmer who pays rent under present conditions.—Continuing his appeal, through the press, for pecuniary aid to the "poor boycotted shopkeepers and farmers in and around Tipperary," Mr. T. W. Russell transcribes a letter from Professor Tyndall, written from a Swiss Alp, seven thousand feet above the sea, and offering, whenever it may be required, a cheque for 100*l.* in aid of "those brave men who have hitherto defied the leaders of the Plan of Campaign and their murderous rank and file."

THE DIRECTORS OF THE SOUTH METROPOLITAN GAS COMPANY have had the gratification of finding their policy heartily approved by their *employees*, who, at a mass meeting, presented them with an illuminated address and an album for the Board-room. In making the presentation, the spokesman of the *employees* said that the profit-sharing scheme was one of the greatest that had ever been promoted. Some people who told them that they were fools in adopting it had found out their mistake. Mr. Livesey, the

Chairman of the Board, contrasted that day's proceedings with those of the day exactly a twelvemonth before, when some fifteen delegates came to interview the Directors with an expression on their faces of bitterness and hatred to the Board.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Marquis of Hertford has farms which are worked by bailiffs, and to these, when the farms are remunerative, he is in the habit of giving an annual bonus. The labourers on them have received with natural satisfaction an intimation from the Marquis that any surplus next year, after payment of a fair rent and interest on capital, is to be divided among them.—The Guarantee Fund of the projected Royal Naval Exhibition has reached, it was announced on Tuesday, the sum of 33,705*l.*—The 12,007*l.*, to which the street collection contributed 5,096*l.*—The Executive Committee of the London Trades Council ordered on Tuesday the issue of a manifesto, in which "the workers of the metropolis" were solemnly adjured to give the utmost possible financial aid to the strikers in Australia, where, according to this document, is presented "the spectacle of organised labour involved in a death struggle with capitalists, not only for just concessions, but for the very existence of their unions."—Italians in London commemorated at the Freemasons' Tavern, on Monday, with a variety of festivities, the entry of the Italian troops into Rome on September 20th, 1870. In the absence, through a domestic loss, of the Italian Ambassador, the First Secretary of the Embassy presided.—Glasgow has resolved on founding and endowing a chair of political economy as a memorial to Adam Smith, and as supplying an important requirement in a commercial community. The author of "The Wealth of Nations" was Professor of Logic and Moral Philosophy successively in Glasgow University.—The centenary of the birth of Father Mathew, the apostle of temperance, is to be celebrated at Cork on the 9th and 10th of next month, Sir John Pope Hennessy delivering the centennial oration.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death in his eighty-fourth year, of Sir Archibald Douglas Stewart, Bart., of Grantully and Murtly, N.B.; in his sixty-third year, suddenly, of Mr. Marum, Parnellite M.P. for county Kilkenny from 1880 to 1885, and since then for its Northern Division, author of various works on Irish questions; in his thirty-second year, from wounds received when he was attacked by Lushais, of Captain Herbert B. Browne, Political Officer, Lushai Hills, son of Lord Ulick Browne; within a few days of attaining his ninety-first year of Mr. Francis Baring Short, the oldest magistrate for Devon, much respected as a landlord, whose family had been settled for two hundred years at Bickham, near Exeter; in his eighty-sixth year, of Mr. David Milne-Home, with one exception the oldest member of the Edinburgh Faculty of Advocates, an enthusiastic scientist, and assiduous member of the Royal Geographical and Meteorological Societies of Scotland; in the eighty-fifth year of his age, and the fifty-seventh of his ministry, of the Rev. N. M. Johnston, Dean of the Scotch Episcopal Diocese of St. Andrew's, and Incumbent of St. Peter's Church, Kirkcaldy; in his sixty-fifth year, of the Rev. Charles Rogers, D.D., from 1855 to 1863 Chaplain of Stirling Castle, well-known for his contributions to Scottish History and Biography, and a zealous promoter of such memorials as the Wallace monument on the Abbey Craig, Stirling, the Bruce statue at Stirling Castle, and the Hogg monument, St. Mary's Lake; in his seventy-first year, of Mr. Anderson Rose, a very well-known solicitor and citizen of London, Master of the Cordwainers' Company, who as Chairman of the Strand Conservative Association, and otherwise, rendered valuable services to

the Conservative cause in London; of Mr. Thomas Nelson, formerly a successful builder and railway-contractor at Carlisle, who became by purchase the owner of Friars Carse, near Dumfries, formerly belonging to the Riddells, the friends of Robert Burns, who wrote some well known verses in the Hermitage there, and of MS. and other relics of which Mr. Nelson had formed a valuable collection; in his eighty-second year, of Dr. Peter Hood, of Seymour Street and Watford, a respected member of the medical profession, one of the most skilful fly-fishers in England, Treasurer of the Fisheries' Protection Society, and author of from its origin of the best known of which is that on "Gout and Rheumatism;" and in his seventy-fourth year, of Mr. John Mossman, the Scottish sculptor, who was a pupil of the late Baron Marochetti, and who executed some of the best statues in Glasgow, among them those of Sir Robert Peel and Thomas Campbell.

OUR LATE INDIAN SUMMER

IT is by no means certain that the name Indian Summer, of St. Martin's Summer, is altogether the right phrase to apply to the period of calm settled weather which continued from the beginning of September till past the middle of the month. In almost every season, October yields us a period, long or short, which seems more worthy of the name than the period on the confines of summer and autumn through which we have just passed. But by whatever name we call it, the period itself is almost unique in the meteorological records of September. Of late years, September has been gradually acquiring for itself a reputation as a month of exceptional beauty. In 1883 the only fine weather of the summer came in September. In 1889, after a most disappointing August, September brightened up in time to save the harvest. And now in 1890, the beauty of the September of the previous years is forgotten in the perfect loveliness of the autumn glory of this beautiful month. Speaking generally, it is almost certain that never before within this generation did so many consecutive days of high and equable temperature occur, over so large an extent of the United Kingdom, as in this year.

It is possible that 1865 may equal it in this respect; and that beautiful autumn had the farther advantage over the September of 1890, that it came after a summer of exceptional warmth and beauty, but if 1865 does exceed the September of 1890, it is the only year within recent times that does so. The warmth and beauty of the early part of September have done much more than satisfy the eye of the beholder. They have entirely changed the outlook of the season for the farmer. Up to the close of August, the expectation of a good harvest could not possibly be justified by appearances. It was certain to be late, and being late, would be slow and unsatisfactory in the ingathering; but the change which came with the beginning of the month made it at once impossible to speak of a late or a deficient harvest. It was not the farmer alone who received the advantage of the brighter skies. The many people who had despaired of seeing the sun before they returned to the fog and gloom of the autumn in town have for once seen an English autumn in its perfection of beauty, and on the Scotch hills the loveliness of the September sun was also unequalled. No doubt to many people all this came too late. Their holiday was over before, but even in town the beauty of the first fortnight of the month could scarcely fail to attract the eye which had not the chance to see more than could be noticed in the heart of London. A. C.

CADBURY'S COCOA

ABSOLUTELY PURE THEREFORE BEST.

The *Analyst*, comparing the flesh-forming ingredients in Cocos, gives the following average;—

Natural Cocoa Nibs	13.00
Cocoa Commercial with added Starch and Sugar	6.00
Cadbury's Cocoa (prepared by extraction of fat, special process)	21.00

The actual total flesh-formers in Cadbury's Cocoa are 21.34. The process of preparation concentrates and intensifies the nourishing properties and flesh-forming constituents of the Cocoa Bean. Cadbury's Cocoa is Absolutely Pure.

"Cadbury's Cocoa has, in a remarkable degree, those natural elements of sustenance which give the system endurance and hardihood, building up muscle and bodily vigour with a steady action that renders it a most acceptable and reliable beverage."
—*Health*.

The Editor of the *Medical Annual* speaks in the highest terms of Cadbury's Cocoa as a beverage and a food for invalids on account of its absolute purity, high quality, and great solubility; and counsels the Medical Profession to remember, in recommending Cocoa, that the name Cadbury on any packet is a guarantee of purity.



NO STABLE IS COMPLETE WITHOUT

ELLIMAN'S
"ROYAL"
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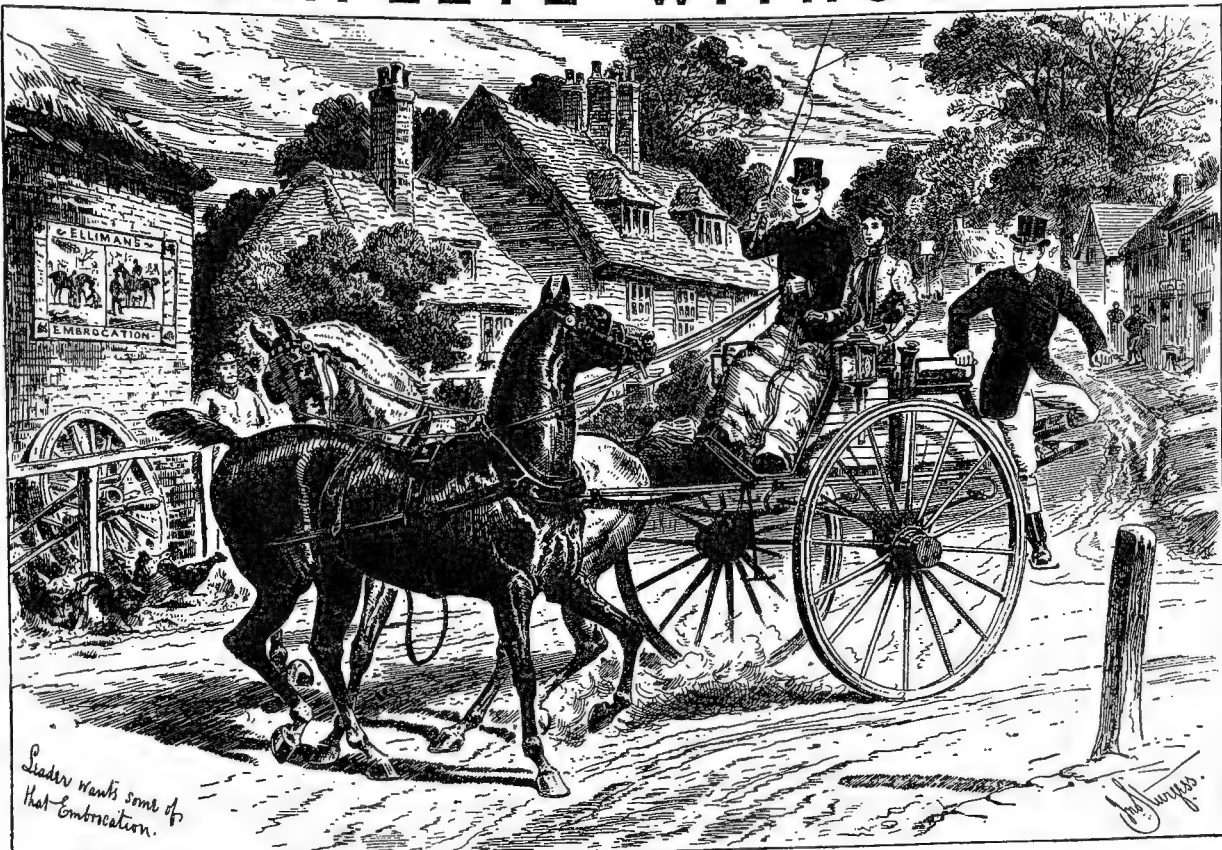
For SPRAINS and CURBS,
SPLINTS when forming,
SPRUNG SINEWS,
CAPPED HOCKS,
OVER REACHES,
BRUISES and CUTS,
BROKEN KNEES,
SORE SHOULDERS,
SORE THROATS,
SORE BACKS, &c.
SPRAINS, CUTS, BRUISES in DOGS.

REMARKS.

"I think it very useful."
RUTLAND,
Master of Belvoir Hounds.
"I consider it indispensable in any stable, but especially
in the stable of a Master of Hounds."
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Master of Berwickshire Hounds.
"Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables
for rheumatism and kennel lameness, sprains, &c. in
beagles."
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SUITABLE FOR FRAMING. Fifteen
PRINTS. Post free for
ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE IN
STAMPS. Apply to
ELLIMAN, SONS, & CO., SLOUGH,
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THESE ARE ARTISTIC SKETCHES IN
BLACK AND WHITE AND LOOK WELL
FRAMED.
Specimen Print Free.

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"Highest attainable
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"Unequalled for hard
wear."

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(REGISTERED.)

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TABLE KNIVES.

ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS POST FREE.



Richly Engraved and Mounted
heavily Cut Glass Claret Jug.
Best quality, £1 18s.



Best quality Double Grape Stand,
To hold two bunches, £3.
To hold one bunch, £2 10s.
To hold 2 bunches, Sterling Silver, £15 15s.



Registered "Princess" Tea Service, with Two China Cups and Saucers,
Two Spoons, and Sugar Tongs.
Complete in Case, Sterling Silver
Tea Pot only
Sugar Basin and Tongs
Cream Jug

£11 11 0	Best Quality	£25 5 6
5 5 0	Prince's Plate	1 11 6
1 15 0		10 6
1 5 0		10 6



Patent "Club" Bottle
Holder, £1 4s.
Ordinary Clip Bottle
Holder, 10s. each.
Sterling Silver, £10 13s.



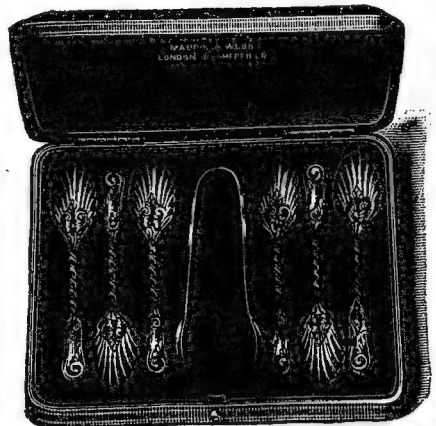
Crystal Glass Iced Water or Beer Jug,
with Best Quality Mounts.
Two Pints . . . £2 0 0
Three Pints . . . 2 5 0
Four Pints . . . 2 10 0
Five Pints . . . 2 15 0



Four Chased Solid Silver Salts and Spoons, in Rich
Morocco Case, lined Silk, Rustic Design, £3 15s.
Six in Case, £5 15s.



Pair of Game Carvers, pair of Meat Carvers and Steel, in Morocco Leather Case, Best African Ivory Handles,
with richly chased Solid Silver Caps, and finest Shear Steel, £4 10s.
The same, without Game Carvers, £3.



Six Afternoon Tea Spoons and Tongs. In Morocco Case,
Solid Silver, £2 10s. Best quality Prince's Plate, £1 11s. 6d.

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S. SAINSBURY'S A HIGHLY PERFUMED LAVENDER WATER

Scent of Great
Refinement, Strength,
and Lasting Quality.
Very Economical in Use.
Prepared from the finest ENGLISH
LAVENDER, and other most choice scents.

176 and 177, STRAND, LONDON,

AT THE RAILWAY BOOKSTALLS, and GENERALLY THROUGHOUT THE
COUNTRY.

Prices, 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s., 3s., 4s. 6d., and 6s.; post free, 2d. extra.
In neat cases suitable for presents, from 3s. to 15s. 6d.; post
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OLD SHIRTS

Refitted, New Fronts,
Cuffs, and Collar
Bands. — Fine Irish
Linen, 2s.; or very
best Irish Linen, 2s. 6d. each, returned free, ready to
wear. Sample New White Shirt, for dress or ordinary
wear, 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., or 6s. 6d. Gent's
best 4-fold Linen Collars, any shape, 2s. 6d. half-
dozen, post-free.
Hand knit by Donegal
peasantry. Warm, dur-
able, and comfortable.
Two pairs free, 2s. 6d.
Men's Knicker Hose, two pairs free, 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d.,
5s. 6d., 6s. 6d., and 7s. 6d. Boys' Knicker Hose, all
sizes. WOOL PANTS and VESTS are now very
cheap. Price Lists and Patterns Cambric Handker-
chiefs, and all kinds of Irish Linen Goods sent free.
B. & E. M. HUGH & CO., Ltd., Belfast.

CANCERS or TUMOURS cured
without the use of the knife. Apply at
WATSON & WATSON'S, Specialists, 88, Fulham
Road, London, S.W., close to Cancer Hospital.



AN AROMATIC FRAGRANCE

is imparted to the mouth by the use of
SOZODONT. It is beyond doubt the
CLEANEST, PUREST, and BEST TOOTH
WASH ever offered to the public. No lady
ever used SOZODONT without approving
of its cleansing and purifying properties,
and the flattering testimonials that have
been bestowed upon it by eminent Dentists
speak volumes of praise for its merits.
SOZODONT FOR THE TEETH,
though efficient and powerful, is
ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS,
for it contains neither mineral nor acid; it
is wholly vegetable in its origin. Sold by
Chemists at 2/6 a bottle. British Depot: 46,
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THE GRAPHIC



FOR workers and toilers holiday time is over, colleges are open again, and students have settled down for the longest Term of the year. But there are some fortunate members of Society to whom this month is one of the merriest of the twelve, to be spent in a round of visiting in hospitable country mansions, where the pleasures of country life are combined with the amusements of London Society. Where the banking account is ample, there is no difficulty in providing attractive toilettes for all times and seasons; but when the income is limited and the wants are many, this is a season of the year which requires much thought and planning to provide for the four or five changes of dress required in the course of twelve hours. For young matrons three or four stylish breakfast dresses are required, and, as we have said adieu to summer, but not yet arrived at winter, with closed windows and fires, it is well to put aside our cottons and muslins, and provide warm but light garments for the chill October mornings.

Breakfast-gowns should be made with a demi-train, that is to say, when the wearers are not given to a walk before that meal. We have recently seen some very stylish gowns; one was a Princess robe of heliotrope beige, faced with plush of the same colour a shade darker than the foundation, semi-tight at the back, falling straight from the throat to the feet in front, the only trimming a fall of deep Valenciennes lace and bows of satin ribbon with long floating ends, a thick girdle with tassels tied on the left side; the sleeves loose to the elbow, where they are met by deep cuffs of velvet and lace; pointed epaulettes of velvet; high Medici collar of velvet lined with satin, well open in the front, and not fitting too close at the back. If the wearer be inclined to *embonpoint*, she will do well to substitute for the above loose hanging sleeves of cashmere lined with satin and trimmed with a wide band of velvet, tight under-sleeves of satin, deep pointed lace collar. This costume looks well in tan-colour beige or silver-grey cloth, trimmed with Indian embroidery.

Another breakfast gown was of figured *mousseline de laine*, cream ground with a pattern of pink and brown heather; the flowing skirt was made without a lining, worn with an underskirt of cream batiste, with flounces edged with lace, as was also the hem of the dress; the open sleeves were composed of the material to the elbows, where they were finished off with points, under which were deep lace ruffles. There is much scope for individual taste in the breakfast and tea-gown, which should always produce the effect of being an easy *negligée*, even when made of the richest materials. Young people as a rule appear at the breakfast table in the dress which they intend to wear for their morning walk. Bordered woollen materials will be much worn this autumn.

Appropriate for a fine breezy morning was a pretty costume of fawn-coloured fine cloth, with a deep border of brown *appliqué* velvet in a bold design, the bodice and sleeves were trimmed to match; hat of fawn-coloured felt to correspond.

Foulard is very much worn this month; it is light, and yet warm enough for the demi-season. Three very pretty costumes were recently shown to us. One was of cinnamon-brown foulard, with very small white satin spots; on the hem was a wide flounce of

Eiffel lace; a folded bodice was crossed over a white pongee silk with brown spots, bands of pongee were put round the opening of the bodice and on the cuffs; the hat to be worn with this dress was cinnamon-brown lace straw, covered with brown feathers, shaded down to white; three little brown and white birds nestled on the brim.

A second foulard costume had a black ground, on which were thickly scattered pale blue wafers. On the skirt, which was plain, and almost tight-fitting, with the exception of two triple box pleats at the right side and at the back, there were three graduated bands of a very pale blue guipure insertion; the bodice had a full front; of a coquettish Zouave jacket of blue and black guipure, fan-like epaulettes, collar and cuffs to match, completed this novel costume. The hat was of very soft black felt, with a wide brim lined with pale blue satin, and fantastically pinched into flutings; the trimming was of blue and black feathers and velvet, and half-a-dozen small blackbirds with very yellow beaks. The third was of sea-green foulard, with tiny pearl-white cockle-shells, gracefully arranged over a petticoat of dark green velvet; the foulard was embroidered in a deep border of shaded chenille green and brown ivy-leaves; the drapery open at the back, and arranged in shell-like folds at the left side, opening up to the waist, from whence they were carried over the shoulders and down each side of the bodice; large green velvet the shoulders and shaded green velvet ribbon and feathers. A very hat trimmed with shaded green velvet ribbon and feathers. A very useful addition to the wardrobe at this season is a sleeveless velvet Zouave jacket, black, or of some very dark colour, which may be slipped on over any thin bodice, and protects the wearer from a chill.

It is time to think of a warm jacket for out-door wear. We have seen several stylish models, noteworthy amongst which were two jackets of the same design, the one in black diagonal serge trimmed with narrow gold braid down the front, which was single breasted, and on the pockets and sleeves. The novelty of this stylish garment was a shoulder-cape in tabs, edged round with gold braid, and a simple design of gold embroidery in each tab; high epaulettes, which appeared to be a portion of the cape, and cuffs to correspond. This design was also carried out in Russian-grey and silver; it would look equally well in black velvet and gold, dark brown and gold, dark blue and silver, or white cloth and either gold or silver. Many of the new jackets are made quite tight at the back and open in the front, to show either a loose blouse, a trim waistcoat, or the bodice of the dress over which they are worn.

Astrakhan, real and imitation, will be much worn this season, especially in black. We advise our young readers not to wear their fur boas and capes this month, excepting in the evening, as often when starting on an expedition the air is fresh, but as the day advances the sun has still great power, and the wearer is tempted to take off the warm wrap when violently heated, and to catch a very severe cold, which often leads to a winter cough or rheumatism.

Only those fortunate people who possess a faultless figure should venture to wear what the French *modistes* style the *jupe moulée*, which is made with but three folds round the hips, one of them fastened at the back; the tunic has a fan-pleating, very narrow at the waist, and spreading out at the hem; when well-made this skirt is very effective, but the underclothing must be carefully cut and planned, otherwise there will be unsightly wrinkles and bumps which spoil the whole thing, as is the case nine times out of ten.

There is an ugly rumour afloat that a return to the fashion of crinolines is anticipated. Long may these monstrosities be warded off, as the present style is becoming to all, and inconvenient to none.

Skirts for walking are worn to clear the ground, and thus give a glimpse of dainty stockings and well-made, even when thick-soled, shoes. Velvet and velveteen are very popular for walking-dresses; they are made very simply, with pointed tabs or battlements, under which is a foot-kilt of satin or silk. A boon to economical folks who cannot afford silk lining throughout is a foundation lining, recently brought out by a well-known firm. It is specially made for velvet and velveteen, and combines firmness with lightness; it is glazed, and thus prevents that close clinging which is one of the drawbacks of these materials.

A variety of new woollen materials are in course of preparation, of which we shall treat next month. Blue and a new shade of copper-red will be the leading colours, but greys and greens in numerous shadings still keep their ground; dresses of Russian net, with velvet spots of varying sizes, have been much worn this summer at fashionable French watering-places; black is the favourite shade, mounted on a bright colour, pink, blue, crimson, or yellow, profusely trimmed with lace and ribbons. It will continue to be worn for country visiting, for dinner, and general demi-toilettes; it is suitable both for middle-aged and young people.

Sleeves of a different material to the bodice are still much worn, but will not be used for new autumn costumes. Grenadine is in favour; spots are the leading idea, of ever sort and size, used for all kinds of materials; we have had enough of them, and no doubt they will soon be pronounced *démodé*.

Figured silks with brocaded stripes, rich poplins, satins, and corded silks are the materials most in vogue for dinner dresses. Embroidery and *passementerie* of the richest description will be worn this autumn on plain foundations; the figured and brocaded materials need no trimming with the exception of lace, and that only sparingly used.

THE PENNY-POST SYSTEM IN VICTORIA is a decided loss to the Government at present. The first six months of the experiment showed a deficit of 48,000/.

THE HARVEST IN FRANCE will be the best reaped since 1880, notwithstanding the cold summer and frequent storms. September sunshine came just in time to falsify the gloomy prophecies made in August.

A TABLET IN MEMORY OF ROBERT BROWNING has been placed in Llantysilio Church on the Dee, one of the oldest churches in Wales. When he stayed at Llangollen in 1886 the poet every Sunday attended the church, occupying Sir Theodore Martin's pew, and Lady Martin has placed the tablet close to the spot where he usually sat.

A CONVERTED JAPANESE BURGLAR has adopted an ingenious method of turning an honest penny by his previous experiences. Takejima Takegore was once a famous robber, and served a long series of sentences for breaking into houses, and various highway robberies. Now he has taken a theatre at Kioto, and represents his burglaries in a thrilling drama, with plenty of sound morals to impress his audience.

CUTTING OFF A WIFE'S NOSE is still a favourite mode of punishment by jealous husbands in India. Recently a European magistrate in Hoshangabad was sitting in Court when a native walked in, and handed him something wrapped up in a large leaf. It was a woman's nose, and the irate husband, having performed what he considered an act of native justice, had come to the magistrate to take the consequences according to European justice.

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JUDGE FOR THEMSELVES

ON SOAP, IN RELATION TO THE COMPLEXION.

FROM AN ARTICLE BY
Dr. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E.,

Lecturer on Health under the "Combe Trust;"
Lecturer on Physiology at the Edinburgh University;
Editor of "Health."

"One important caution should be given, and that is concerning the use of soaps. I would strongly advise all who care for their skin to eschew the use of common soap, which simply roughens and injures the skin, and, if you will be advised by me, I would say never buy those artificially coloured and odoriferous abominations commonly sold under the name of 'Scented' or 'Fancy Soaps' which are the frequent causes of skin eruptions. If I am prepared to recommend any one soap to you, as a satisfactory and scientifically prepared article, I would certainly advise you to buy and use 'Pears' Soap.' Not merely from personal use can I recommend this soap, but I am well content to shelter myself under the names and authority of the late Sir Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S., President of the Royal College of Surgeons; of Doctor Stevenson Macadam, or of Professors Redwood and Atfield, the eminent analytical and chemical lecturers at the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain, who testify to its entire purity. Furthermore, I believe it to be very economical, for it contains no free water, and in this respect differs from all other soaps; hence a cake of 'Pears' is really all soap and not soap and water. I know cases of irritable skin which the whole tribe of much-vaunted 'Fancy Soaps' failed to allay, but which disappeared under the use of Pears' Soap, and for the nursery and for the delicate skin of infancy no better or more soothing soap can possibly be used. There can be no doubt that in respect of the care of children, attention to the skin is specially required. If common soaps are irritating to the skin of the adult, (as they unquestionably are), they are doubly and trebly injurious to the delicate skin of the infant and young child. I can vouch that the soap I am recommending is not merely a safe but an advantageous one. It does not irritate the skin; but, while serving as a detergent and cleanser, also acts as an emollient."

ONE OF THE THINGS WE ARE APT TO GRUMBLE AT IN FRANCE,

The providing of one's own soap at hotels!
Permit me to remark that this is one of those things

THEY DO MANAGE BETTER IN FRANCE
than we do here. I am strongly of opinion that every one when travelling should carry his or her own soap as one takes ones own hair-brush or sponge. It is much more cleanly, and there can be no better providing in this respect for the hot sun and warm winds and dust of travel than a cake of

"PEARS"

which, under such circumstances, I have found very efficient in the prevention of sunburn and allied annoyances.

FROM AN ARTICLE BY
Dr. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E.

Lecturer on Health under the "Combe Trust;"
Lecturer on Physiology at the Edinburgh University;
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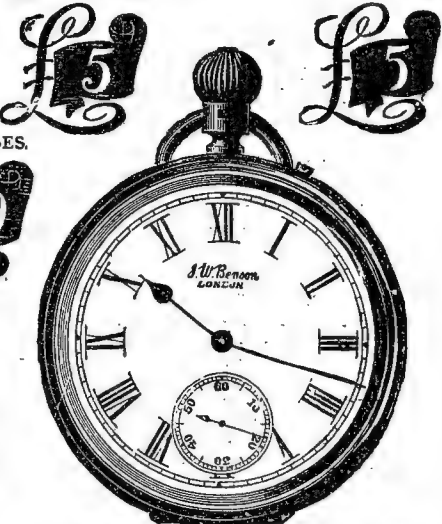
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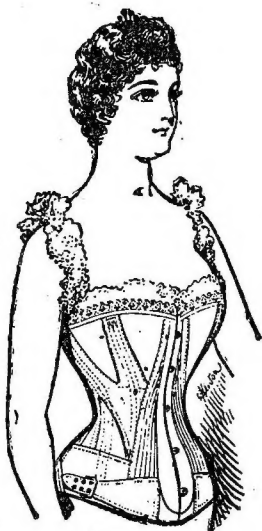
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9TH TYPE OF FIGURE
A charming Corset, made of fine white Coutil, giving a most graceful figure, V-shaped at the back, for evening wear. Busk 11½ inches.
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It is also a most comfortable Corset for riding.



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Price, in Black or White, 35s.



10TH TYPE OF FIGURE
SWANBILL BELT CORSET (Registered).
A Specialité for Embonpoint.

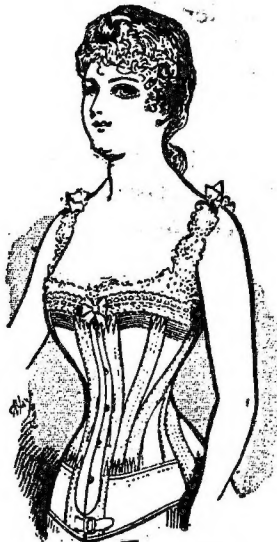
This is a most successful Corset for ladies inclined to embonpoint. It is made in good quality of Coutil, with belt of stout webbing round the bottom of the corset. The adjustable straps and the arrangement of the front bones give great support, and keep the figure well in below the waist. It is made in White, and also in a useful shade of French Grey, Swanbill Busk, 13½ inches.

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The petticoat is of Surat Silk, trimmed Valenciennes Lace.
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11TH TYPE OF FIGURE
SWANBILL BELT CORSET (Registered).
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This is a very useful Corset, similar in purpose to the opposite 10th TYPE OF FIGURE. It is made in White Coutil, and has a belt of webbing, with a single strap in front. This Corset has the addition of elastic gores on the hips. The entire length in front is 15½ inches. Swanbill Busk, 12 inches.

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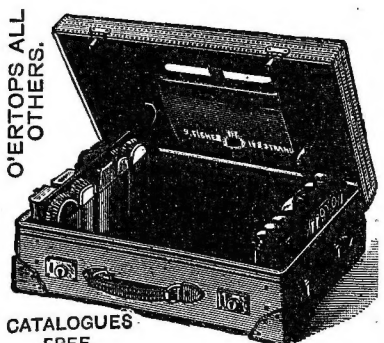
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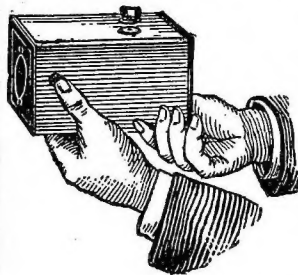
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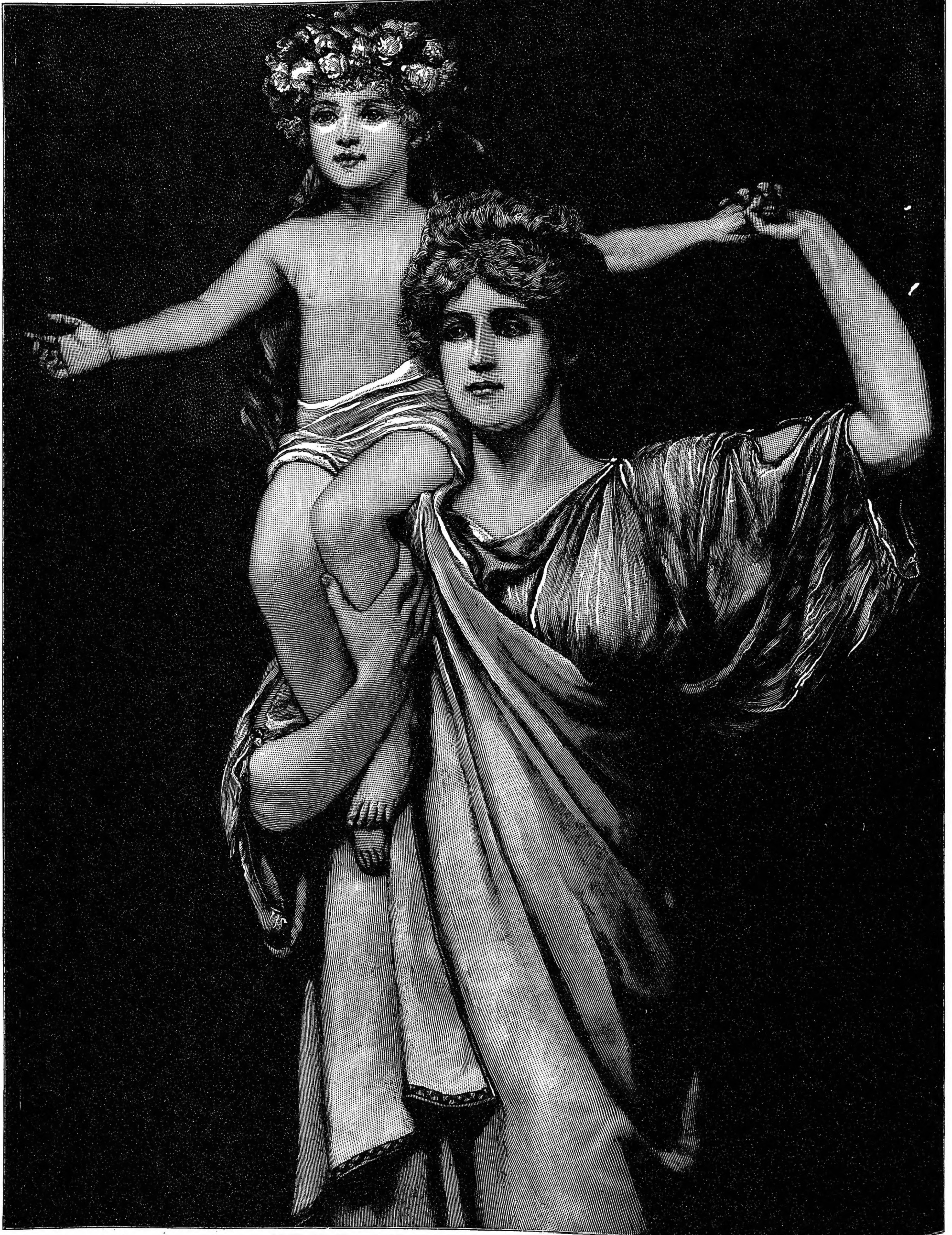


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